Week ending July 28 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

THE B.B.C. MUST DO MUCH BETTER

See page 5

You've earned your Guinness— it'll do you good

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

JB

G.E.1241.E

CHOCOLATE SEMOLINA is delicious!

To make enough for four people you will need:

2 tablesp. Semolina · 3 level tablesp. Bournville Cocoa · Sugar to taste · A pinch of Salt · 1 pint of Milk & Water mixed · A few drops of Vanilla Essence

Put milk and water into saucepan. Boil. Sprinkle in cocoa, sugar and salt and whisk for 2-3 minutes. Sprinkle in semolina and stir frequently till the mixture thickens, about 5-7 minutes. Add vanilla essence. Pour into bowl, allow to cool. Whisk thoroughly. Pour into glasses and top with custard or serve plain.

CADBURYS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

Still Unrationed

JB

Speed up your Metabolic Rate and hasten recovery from illness

WHEN the danger mark in an illness is passed, your first thought is: "When am I going to get well?" The answer to that question depends largely on your metabolic rate.

What is your metabolic rate? Briefly, it is the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces it by absorbing nourishment from food. It might be called your "living rate."

After illness, your metabolic rate is slowed down. To get it back to normal, you need to absorb food to build up your energy. But this is difficult because, when your metabolic rate is low, your appetite is poor.

Doctors, however, have found a way to speed up the metabolic rate and break this vicious circle. They give you broths, soups, or meat extracts. In deciding which of these accepted preparations to take, it is important to know that *one* meat preparation is outstandingly effective in raising the metabolic rate: it is Brand's Essence. Clinical tests in a famous research institute have shown that, after taking Brand's Essence, the metabolic rate is raised with extraordinary quickness and sustained for a quite exceptional length of time.

And once the metabolic rate is raised, your appetite returns. You absorb nourishment and speedily restore your body to full health and vigour. Don't delay your recovery a day longer than necessary. Take Brand's Essence. You'll find it tempting and delicious when other food is repugnant. 3/- a bottle.

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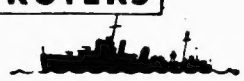

SUBMARINES

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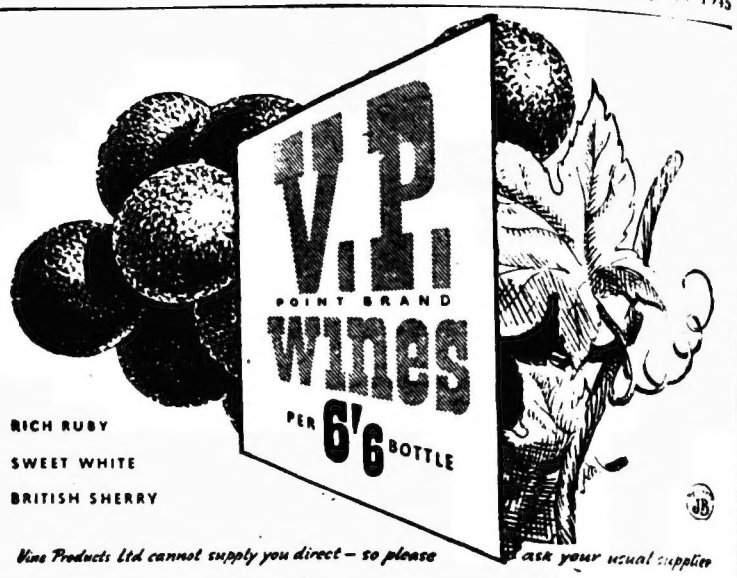

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FRY'S COCOA

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THE FAMILY FOOD DRINK WITH THE REAL CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR

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The Reputation held by New Hudson as one of Britain's finest bicycles will be enhanced as time goes on, for it will continue to be the policy of this Company to put quality before any other consideration.

THE NEW HUDSON BICYCLE

Current Models, complete with pump and tools, Price £8 . 19 . 2 including Purchase Tax.

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No. 10

Do people love to see you smile?

the answers on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

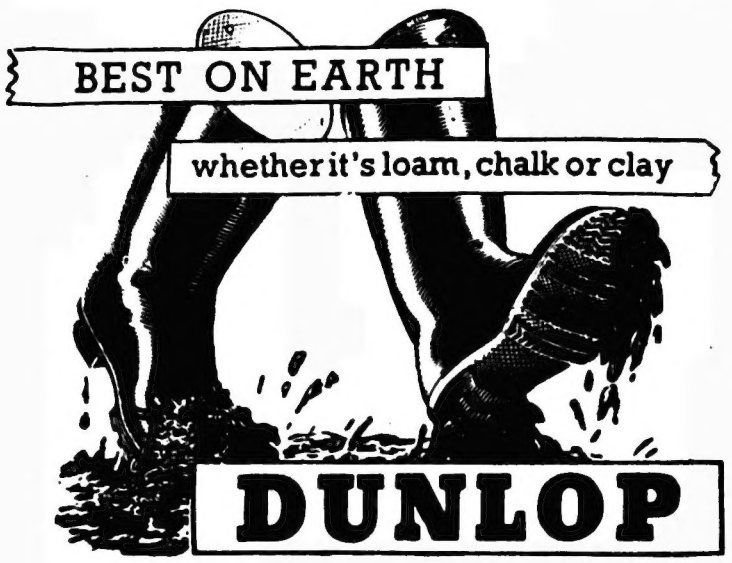
7½d. and 1/3. Pepsodent Tooth Paste 1/3 and 2/2

Tortured types—No. 4

NO, Herbert! . . . it isn't your bald head they're laughing at. It's your overalls. You bought the right size — but forgot to look for the "Sanforized" label. ("Sanforized" garments never shrink out of fit.) Ask to see this label when buying washable wear: shirts, tub-frocks, overalls, pyjamas. It means the fabric *can't* shrink even 1%.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Sanforized REG'D
WILL NOT SHRINK OUT OF FIT



Simply packed!

Crush some Wool fabric in your hand. Then release it, and notice how quickly the creases straighten out. It's this quality of elasticity which enables Wool suits and dresses to keep their fit and shape so well, enables them to travel hours in a hastily-packed suitcase without looking the least bit travel-weary.

WOOL

SMOOTHS OUT ITS OWN CREASES

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat.

Without Fear or Favour

LUCKY GERMANS!

IN HAMBURG, 47,000 temporary houses have already been constructed. They are described as "small but very substantial structures of brick and concrete."

In London, which has five times the population of Hamburg, only 333 temporary houses had been erected by April—and they were neither substantial nor brick-built. Since then, thousands of American prefabricated bungalows have arrived, but they await erection until men have been trained to put them up.

So, by comparison, the Germans seem to be doing nicely.

No one can blame them for that. The blame should rest on our own leaders for leaving our own people homeless.

What excuses can they offer?

Labour? There is labour to spare in the Forces. Quicker demobilisation would not give the building industry all the manpower it required, but might enable it to keep pace with Hamburg.

Building materials? Not their supply, only their cost, presents any difficulty. And the Government has power enough to deal with price rings.

Plans? Local authorities are now told they can go ahead without Whitehall's permission in cases where sites are already available. The trouble is that many more sites are required, and legislation is needed to obtain them.

THUS THE WHOLE PROBLEM is really dependent on the Government's attitude of mind. If it is willing, the houses can be built.

That means it must at last bring in legislation to obtain land for housing, despite the opposition of landlords who are determined to hold the community to ransom, and to use all existing facilities to put the houses up.

That would be an unpleasant pill for the Diehards to swallow. But the alternative is equally bitter: the anger of all who are denied decent houses in which to lead a comfortable life and in which children can be reared.

Lucky Hamburg!

The Editor

Brass Hats Give the Game Away

Potsdam Secrecy Defeats Itself. Stalin Looks towards the Far East. Cohen Champions Investors. Covent Garden Gambles. Show Factories. Cricket Anomalies

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE there's fire; and the presence at Potsdam of the three British Chiefs of Staff—Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, and Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal—with their American and Russian opposite numbers, betrayed the importance of the Pacific war on the elaborately concealed Conference agenda.

If problems of occupying Germany had been the sole military concern, the presence of General Eisenhower and Field-Marshal Montgomery would have been enough. There would have been no need for the Chiefs of Staff.

Besides, what was Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport, doing there, if it were not a question of the Pacific's vast distances? No wonder Japan, despite the grim distractions of sea and air bombardment close home, had eyes and ears glued to the German capital and its precincts.

"Pug" Ismay

And why should Churchill have been accompanied by one of Britain's most powerful, yet least known, personalities, General Sir Hastings Ismay, who is his personal representative and permanent chairman of the Chief of Staff conferences?

Sir Hastings—to his intimates, "Pug" (short for pugnacious)—did as much as anyone to make VE-Day possible. Modestly in the background, as always, his presence gave a useful clue to the frustrated newspapermen.

"Pug," perfect combination of soldier-airman and statesman, knows something of the Orient, having been Military Secretary to Viceroy Lord Willingdon. What must the Japanese Service chiefs have thought when they heard of "Pug" being seen with America's Admiral King and prominent Soviet staff officers?

Where's Voroshilov?

IT SEEMS THAT the strain of her European campaigns from 1941 to 1945 did not abate by a single soldier the strength of Russia's standing army in the Far East. Famous Soviet commanders have been giving their attention to the reorganisation of that self-contained force—among them, the renowned Voroshilov, who has long faded from the European scene.

But he was present when Stalin recently met T. V. Soong, Chinese Prime Minister, who is expected to go back again to Moscow almost at once.

Chinese Puzzle

Soong's job in Europe will be to clarify once and for all the political position of Chinese Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, who, despite the sincerity of his Christian faith and notwithstanding the genuineness of his admiration for Western methods, has been criticised for his greater eagerness to encompass the overthrow of the Chinese Communists than that of the Japanese militarists.

If Soong can assure Stalin that Chiang's *régime* in China, taking on a more democratic character, will henceforth be acceptable to the Russians, bang goes one of the obstacles to Soviet participation in the Pacific conflict.

Spanish Bluff

CAN YOU IMAGINE S.S. Black Guard toughs suddenly transforming themselves into a social welfare organisation?

Yet that is what Franco Spain would have the Western democracies believe has happened to the Falange, Fascist Spain's equivalent of Mussolini's Blackshirts and Hitler's S.S.

A Nazi does not change his skin merely by changing his flag; and what of the 3,000 Germans—industrialists, *Gestapo* men and other brands of "tourist"—who have taken Spanish nationality since the fall of Germany was seen to be inevitable? Even if Franco were replaced by a king as titular head of Spain, the country's Fascist structure would remain.

GENERAL SLIM AS SEEN BY TIM

"UNCLE BILL"

WILLIAM SLIM, the knighted Lieutenant-General who commands the 14th Army, will return to Burma with London's cheers ringing in his ears.

Those cheers, he says, are really meant for the men he leads. If the people at home knew him better he might have realised that quite a lot of the plaudits were for himself.

He rose from the ranks—and lost his first stripe in 1914 for drinking beer on a march. Wounded three times, he was once discharged as permanently unfit, but "wangled" his way back within a year.

So the ex-junior clerk, who became foreman of an engineering gang, is now responsible for 800,000 men and has their respect.

He never asks them to do the impossible, which may be one reason why they often do it. He has the personal touch—he will give his reasons for a certain operation to troops in the front line.

His name appeared in "Who's Who" this year for the first time, though he is probably prouder of the fact that once he edited a soldier's magazine.

That, his passion for detective stories, and his genuine ambition to achieve fame as a writer, may account for his dictum that "it is harder to be a good journalist than a good general."

FIRE! STORM! FLOOD!

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a Household Insurance including protection for furniture and household effects against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Readers not already registered or who have changed address or newsagent can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL's Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Senor Adolfo

POLICE AND MILITARY intelligence forces of half a dozen countries, bearing in mind the possibility that Hitler may not be dead, are busy on the most ambitious criminal investigation probe the world ever saw—and it girdles the globe.

Unmistakable Nazi cells have been unearthed. Questioning of suspects has satisfied the investigators that Nazi gangsters are lying low against the day when "the Fuehrer, who is alive, will return to lead Germany again."

Not everyone is reassured by Argentina's official denial that the submarine U530, before surrendering, had landed Hitler and Eva Braun in Patagonia. The Argentine general, Basilo Pertime, who is reported to have told a Fascist banquet in Buenos Aires: "I am glad that our friends are safe at last," used to be an intimate friend of the Fuehrer's.

Demob. Speed-up

NOBODY WANTS a repetition of what happened in 1919, when mass demobilisation, due to Budget panic, ruined resettlement plans and condemned thousands of ex-Servicemen to years of unemployment

But, with industry hungering for more staff, it is becoming apparent that the rate of demobilisation can be speeded up.

While lack of labour holds up the supply of houses, food, fuel and clothing, the wheels of Service release machinery are turning too slowly. The machinery is mostly all right, but too little human material is being fed into it.

Protecting Investors

MANY OF US are investors nowadays, and the changes in Company Law recommended by the Cohen Committee—discussed more fully on page nine—show a healthy disregard for vested interests But there are surprising omissions

The report should have been much more explicit in the matter of auditors being really independent.

Commonly, an accountant is on the board of directors. Hardly less commonly, his partner is the firm's auditor. It is fantastic to suggest that the auditor is independent in a case like that, but apparently the Cohen Committee does not perceive the fantasy.

Winding-up

Another evil crying aloud for remedy concerns the winding-up of companies that may be insolvent. If you, running such a company, make a declaration that you believe it will discharge its debts fully within twelve months, you carry on with the winding-up and no one may interfere.

When, at the end of the twelve months, it becomes evident that creditors will get no more than a shilling in the pound, the time and the opportunity for remedial action have passed. Yet, even though you admit, "I entirely miscalculated the value of the assets," you have committed no offence under company law as it now stands.

Any consequent legislation must take account of this.

New Parliament

THERE WILL BE some plain speaking in the new House of Commons, which will be asked to ratify or reject the

Bretton Woods plan for an international money system, lately accepted by Congress in Washington.

So hugely has America augmented her factory capacity for war output, that 1946 will find her with a productive power far beyond the capacity of her home market to absorb—given a standard of living no higher than that acceptable to the Americans of 1938.

To employ this productive power profitably must therefore mean making goods for abroad. But how are such exports to be paid for?

America's tariff wall—more sacred than China's Great Wall ever was—keeps out all but a trickle of foreign goods. The earth cannot produce gold fast enough to pay for the exports America contemplates. So other nations must get into Uncle Sam's debt, that is all.

Hard Money

SUPPORTERS OF THE Bretton Woods plan, to be found in all Parties, say in effect: "Once the world has an agreed system of hard, valuable money, with which Governments can't tamper, then orderly international trade will become possible because everyone will buy and sell freely in world markets, exchanging goods for money that is of known value and therefore acceptable everywhere."

To which opponents of the plan, also to be found in all Parties, retort: "Any system of hard money must be based on a scarce commodity, gold, the supply of which cannot be expanded rapidly. Yet modern industry, as the war has proved, can swiftly expand the supply of goods as science and invention develop. But if a fixed supply of money must distribute an expanding amount of goods, prices must fall continuously and thus trade depression becomes chronic."

Goods for Goods

America wants the Bretton Woods plan because it will further her policy of exporting goods in exchange for debt—contracted in currencies that cannot be rendered worthless by the action of foreign Governments.

British opponents of the plan say that under it we shall have to import American goods, at the cost of unemployment; while paying for them with shares in British railways, newspapers or coal mines, at the cost of losing control of our own affairs.

They demand, instead, that we shall import from countries which, unlike America, will take our goods in exchange. This would mean trade bargaining between Governments—a practice expressly forbidden by the Bretton Woods plan as "discriminatory."

Mammoth Liners

THOUGH SIR PERCY BATES, the baronet and G.B.E. who presides over the Cunard White Star line, announced a new shipbuilding programme of only five vessels aggregating 76,000 tons, his close friends credit him with the opinion that in the near future a liner of 100,000 tons, despite its enormous cost, would pay its way, possibly as the *Queen Victoria*.

The good *Queen Mary*, in her short pre-war career, made a lot of money for the company. She and the *Queen Elizabeth* as transports probably—in Sir Percy's own words—"shortened the war in Europe by a whole year."

Reconditioning of the two Queens for normal passenger work will present a curious problem—that of the deckrails, on which thousands of American soldiers have carved their names. To leave the names, or to replace the deckrails, will be the question.

Black Market

ALMOST ANY WEEK-DAY morning in the side streets near Covent Garden men—anything up to 40 of them—crowd round lorries. Blatantly, in full view of passers-by, they play dice with minimum stakes of 10s. Hundreds of pounds change hands in a short time.

These men are street vendors and black market dealers blueing the loot they get by holding up the public. Having taken £40 to £50 a day from barrow sales of black market fruit, they can afford to gamble prodigally.

Bow Street police-station is close at hand. Rounding up these gamblers would mean catching black marketeers.

Dud Notes

CHIEF INSPECTOR RUDKIN, of Scotland Yard—the same who when awarded damages following a car crash in 1938, said he had sustained permanent scars that would make things easier for the people he had to watch—has sent the Bank of England reassuring reports from Germany about the Nazis' large-scale counterfeiting of British £5 and £10 notes.

Their face value totalled £80,000,000; but very few ever reached this country and hardly any remain in circulation to worry the authorities. Which is just as well, for even a Bank of England official could not tell which was the German and which the genuine article. It needed chemical tests.

Best of all counterfeit notes are those of Argentina—almost impossible to detect. Forgers are fond of the American note, but rarely counterfeit French, Swiss or Dutch paper currency.

"Mary" Coningham

R.A.F. OFFICERS simply cannot understand why Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham—they call him "Mary" behind his back—has not been given an important operational command, following the demise of the Second Tactical Air Force.

So uniformly successful was he, all the way from the Western Desert to Germany, that they think it a scandalous waste of talent for him to be lecturing officially in America.

But "Mary," talking vividly and having a good line of humour, will get an enthusiastic welcome from the Americans. Perhaps, after all, the authorities know what they are doing.

Unfit Boxers

PEOPLE HAVE EXPRESSED SURPRISE that boxers unfit for Service duties have been able to engage in fights even for titles.

The explanation is that the troubles with which boxers are afflicted—nose complaints, punctured ear drums, eye defects—disqualify a man for Service duties though they do not incapacitate him from functioning in the ring.

Best Foot Foremost

PROFESSIONAL FOOT-RACING, or pedestrianism, is on the up-grade. Four £100 handicaps are scheduled for next month, all in the North of England.

Biggest event of the year—the "Blue riband" of pedestrianism—is the famous Powderhall Handicap run at Edinburgh; but the sport has never been popular in the South of England.

Cricket Anomalies

THE OLD-FASHIONED CRICKET score-board might be decently buried now, and give place to the modern article like that in use on Sydney ground, in Australia, which records every move in the game.

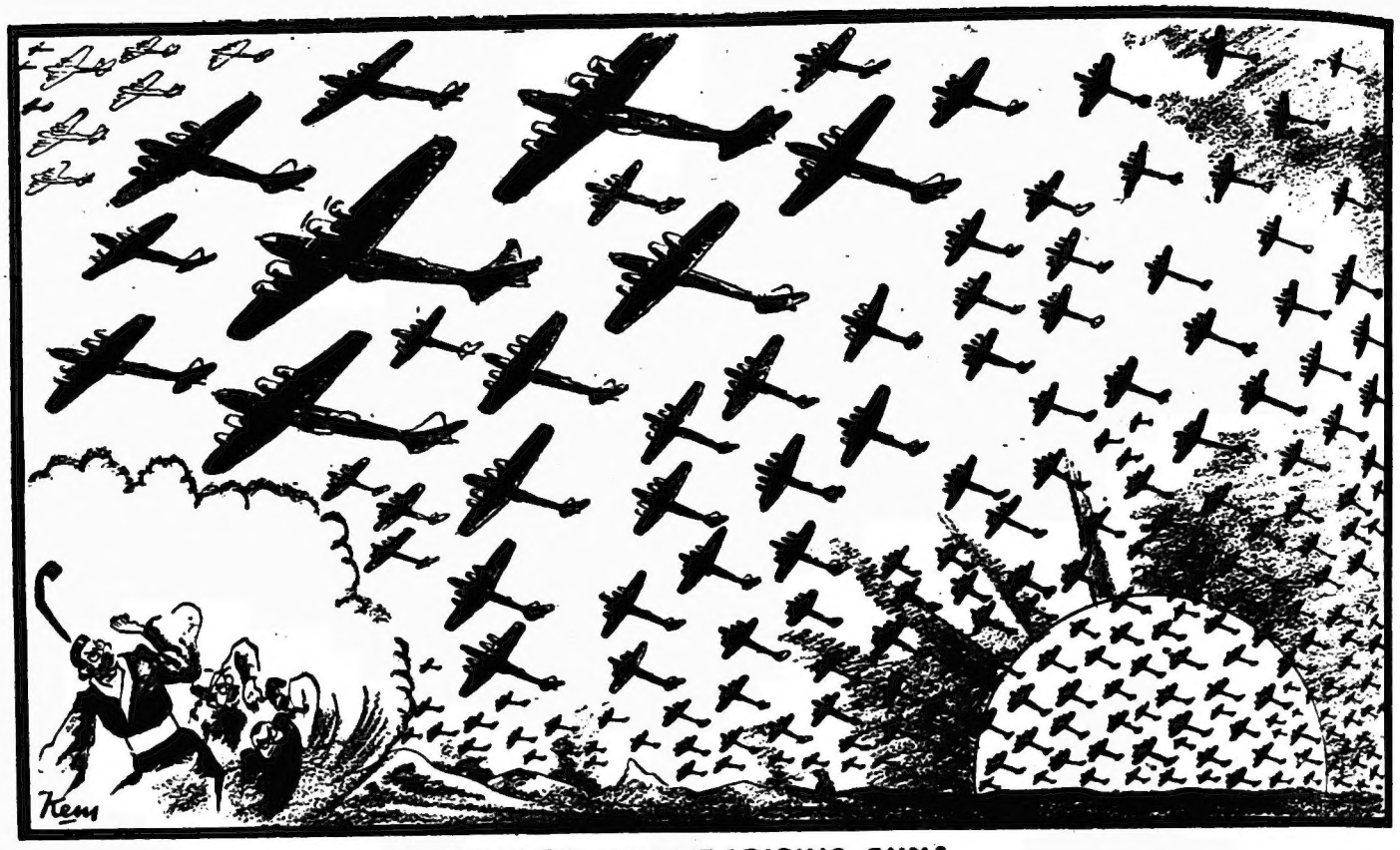
At the start of the recent Test Match, a blackboard with a chalked announcement that England had won the toss was carried round Lord's ground. Delightful, but archaic.

Show Pieces

H. D. SIMMONS, of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, has a really sound proposition.

The many modern, up-to-date factories that have sprung up all over this country during the war, he suggests should be regarded as standard national attractions, to be thrown open to foreign visitors and tourists.

Such action would, of course, be calculated to increase British prestige immensely. But why keep such show pieces only for foreign visitors? What about the older children in our schools? What about all the Dismal Jimmies who think Britain is poorer because of the war but who, seeing the inside of these palaces of production, would realise that our potential output—and therefore our potential standard of living—is greater than ever?



ECLIPSE OF THE 'RISING SUN'

NO CONFIDENCE IN ALFRED BULLET-HEAD

A bullet-headed man of seventy-odd, with a bristle-brush hair-cut and a bushy moustache, is said to be impressing the Anglo-American authorities in Berlin. They are, it is reported, considering his plan for the economic reconstruction of Germany.

We hope they will be careful of Alfred Hugenberg.

Not merely because it is little more than a year ago that Hitler presented him with the Eagle Shield in gold, highest award the Third Reich could bestow on a civilian.

But also because this ex-director of Krupps, this magnate of German industry and finance, helped to put the Nazis in the saddle of power.

True, they soon decided to ride alone and accordingly dropped him. Yet even before Hitler was heard of he was running a Jingo policy in his newspaper and film interests.

Hugenberg's plan for Germany's future? It would be suspect.

Has its author never hurt a fly? Perhaps not, but with Schact, Papen, Thyssen and others he is more dangerous than all the S.S. gangsters and torturers.

This man is dangerous

Post-War Radio starts on July 29 with a few new ideas and lots of promises. But, says JOHN GRANT:

The B.B.C. Must Do Much Better

IT'S TIME PEOPLE STOPPED TALKING nonsense about the B.B.C. Remember when everybody used to complain about Chamber Music? To-day you can search the *Radio Times* from cover to cover and you won't find any Chamber Music in the programmes.

But there are quartets and quintets every week and trios and sextets as well.

The trouble with the B.B.C. is NOT and never was:

(*a*) That they play too many symphonies.
(*b*) That they play too much boogie-woogie.
(*c*) That the news is too cold and correct.
(*d*) That it's too hot and tendentious.
(*e*) That there is too much Trollope.
(*f*) That there is too much Handley.
(*g*) That the whole place is run by Communists, Fascists, Atheists, Roman Catholics, Civil Servants, Intellectuals, Maiden Aunts, or Crooners.

The trouble with the B.B.C. is that you've got to take what they give you, and it's not always the best of its kind.

Let's talk about quality first. The plain fact is that the technical standards of broadcasting have suffered during the war. They're now a long way behind the Americans.

Listen next time the B.B.C. puts on a gramophone record. It may be in a programme made up of gramophone records. It may be a fill-up when the news runs short. It may be an effect in a play.

But you can bet ten to one it will start with a scratch. If it's bad, you'll hear the scratch all through, and you may hear it again all by itself at the end.

Slaves to the Stage

Now with a new record, the "surface noise" should be practically inaudible; and if it's properly handled on the equipment which the B.B.C. possesses, it can be played over and over again with very little wear.

But the people who handle the records in the B.B.C. have been throwing them about, stacking them in piles, rubbing one against another, dropping needles on them and generally giving them a rough time for upwards of ten years.

Some records (particularly the fill-ups that lie around the studios) are so worn, they sound as fuzzy as the inside of an overgrown radish. But on they go.

It seems as though the heads of the B.B.C. have no ear for quality, or they'd have done something about it long ago.

And they'd have done something about the music broadcasts. There's nothing the matter with the playing. But the balance is often terrible. Soloists too near the microphone, instruments out of focus, jumbled noise and general lack of clarity.

It's bad when they're playing serious music It's worse still in Variety.

Variety, in fact, is the B.B.C.'s weakest effort For this there are many reasons.

The official excuse is expense. A headliner on the music-halls can sing the same songs and crack the same jokes for years at a stretch. When he broadcasts he must have a new programme each time.

Jokes cost money. And new ones to fill ever an hour a day for 365 days a year (or 315 if you leave out Sunday) are very hard to come by.

But what the B.B.C. has not yet learned is that you don't get good broadcasting by hanging a microphone on a music-hall stage.

All the really funny programmes of recent years have happened almost by accident.

Most of them started at the beginning of the war when the Variety department was pushed out of London and had to make up shows for itself.

Itma, whether you like it or not, is good radio. It would be better still if there were no audience in the studio.

Northern Music Hall is bad radio, because

Itma is good radio. It would be better still without studio audience.

half the humour never reaches the loudspeaker. It's all tied up with byplay and gesture, funny clothes and funny faces.

Why has the B.B.C. never found a blind comedian? Why do no scripts come out of St. Dunstan's?

The fact is that neither the Variety department nor the Music department has yet learned the first lesson of broadcasting, which is that the only thing that matters is what comes out of the loudspeaker.

Variety producers are still too tied to the stage. Music people will listen only to what the music sounds like in the studio.

When Sir Adrian Boult starts conducting in a glass box with earphones on, then, and only then, you will begin to hear what radio can do for music.

When the Variety boys get rid of their studio audiences and start building up radio comedians who never saw a stage, then you will have something to laugh at in your own homes.

There remains the whole business of programme planning.

Forget your own particular bugbear for the moment. It may be symphony concerts, Stanelli parties, poetry readings, crooners, or talks on the Pentateuch. Forget it; and ask yourself what you really want of a broadcasting service.

The answer is remarkably simple. You want to be able to turn the knob at any time and get

The Brains Trust — another piece of good radio — happened by accident

the kind of programme you happen to be feeling like at that moment.

The only way you can be given that choice is to have several different kinds of programme running simultaneously. This should have been obvious for the last twenty years. But don't worry; the B.B.C. (thanks to its new Director-General) has got the idea now.

It begins with two programmes, "Home" and "Light"; and to be quite honest, I doubt if you'll notice much difference from the old choice between "Home" and "Forces."

Accounting for All Tastes

When the promised "highbrow" programmes begin next Spring, things should begin to look up. But the real solution won't come under four. Here's how I think they ought to be arranged.

1. Good music. Nothing but good music. Symphony concerts and operas in the evening. Smaller combinations and soloists at other times. Properly performed for the microphone.

2. Background programme, for the people (there are several millions of them) who like to turn the radio on at six in the morning and keep it running till midnight. Light music, cinema organs, brass bands, and long stretches for dancing in the evenings.

The highbrows think it's a terrible thing to keep the wireless running all day. The school teachers say it's bad for Willy's homework. But the factory managers find it makes for higher production.

Anyhow, it should be there if you want it.

3. The spoken word. News, of course, at fixed times that everybody knows. Talks, plays, feature programmes, and religious services. Schools in the afternoon, followed by the children's hour. Getting-up exercises, the Brains Trust, Mr. Middleton. And poetry readings last thing on Sunday night.

4. Jazz, swing, boogie-woogie, oomph, music-hall and Variety.

You may think this would overlap with the dance sessions on 2. But think again. The background programme would run continuously, with a minimum of announcements and no backchat.

No. 4 would be the answer to those who like to know exactly what's being played, when, where, why, how, with whose permission, and what wonderful little artists they all are.

Freedom of Choice

That scheme, I suggest, should take care of everybody. No doubt it would take more wavelengths to cover the country four times.

Well, what's happening to all the German wavelengths? There's no need any more for Jerry to broadcast in English, French, Russian, Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Romansch, Wallachian and Serbo-Croat. To say nothing of Greek and the language they used on the "Workers' Freedom Station."

Finally, the regions. The advantage of the regions is they provide a bit of competition.

They're less high and mighty and a good deal more accessible than the great gods of Portland Place. They give a chance to local talent and keep all the money from going to London.

That's the theory. Before the war, however, it was only theory. The old regions had no power at all to do anything themselves. They were merely outposts of London planked down in the provinces.

But now Mr. Haley says they're to be given their freedom. I wonder! The regional director may be free to choose his own programmes. But will he have powers to hire and fire?

In any case, regional stations eat up wavelengths; and, personally, I think a free choice for the individual listener is more important than any amount of autonomy for the regional director.

Well, we'll see. Don't expect too much till next Spring. After that, you can begin to watch for results.

OPEN LETTERS

Dr. May Taylor Sir Walter Citrine

Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Citrine,

General Secretary, Trades Union Congress

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Everyone knows that the 1945 holiday season is a frightful flop. The people who cater for holiday-makers have been quite unable to cope with the rush of jaded, war-weary, holiday-starved workers seeking to rest, relax and recuperate by the sea or in the country.

Nothing now can retrieve the position so far as 1945 is concerned. Nor would any good purpose be served by trying to apportion blame for this season's fiasco. The thing to do is to plan now to ensure that in 1946 facilities shall be available to all who want holidays away from home.

The T.U.C., whose members are concerned both as holiday-seekers and as catering or transport workers, is in a position, with the aid of its network of local Trades Councils, to get the facts and frame the recommendations on which the Government will be able to act in good time.

It will be easy to list the hotels and boarding-houses capable of being derequisitioned before next Easter, and to assess the amount of repair work needed to be done on them. It won't be hard to schedule the military camps suitable for swift adaptation as holiday centres of the kind that were proving their popularity just before the war.

The entertainment industry can supply suggestions about providing recreation; the Co-operative Movement can furnish ideas about catering. Fortunately, the food allocations and man-power priorities of 1946 will be more favourable than those of the present summer.

But the facts need ascertaining now, and the planning needs undertaking now. The T.U.C. is just the body to get busy—and once again to give a forceful and constructive lead to the Government.—JOHN BULL.

The Secretary of State for War,

Whitehall

SIR,—So many nice things were said about the men of the Fourteenth Army during Lieut.-General Slim's recent London visit that the public will be shocked to learn how those excellent fellows are still being neglected by the War Office.

Average weekly issue of cigarettes falls lamentably short of the authorised 50—it seems that 20 is more usual over prolonged periods. Of cigarette parcels from home, four out of five have failed to arrive, being stolen or otherwise intercepted in transit through India.

And, in such a climate as Burma's, is six bottles of beer a man over a six-monthly period reasonable? After all, the men pay for the beer and do not get it at the taxpayers' expense.

Then there is the matter of writing home, a ritual sacred to soldiers ever since soldiers went on Active Service. An issue of four airmail cards a man in two months, combined with what in many units is a total lack of writing-paper, envelopes, pencils and ink, is apparently regarded by the War Office as a tolerable condition of things.

We at home, still basking in the sunshine of victory over Germany, would be guilty of gross ingratitude if we became indifferent to the men on whom fall the rigours of the campaign in South-East Asia. They have well-founded grievances which must be remedied. Otherwise discontent will ensue. I look to you to put these matters right, and to do it at the double!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. May D. C. Taylor,

First Woman Governor of Holloway Jail

DEAR DR. TAYLOR,—Housewife, mother and doctor, still only thirty, you enter on your new duties with everything in your favour, and I am sure you will make a good job of them.

I agree with you that broken homes drive many girls to jail. You put your finger right on the spot when you say prison should be a place for turning unfortunates into good citizens, not a place of punishment.

Many young people get into trouble because healthy boisterousness finds its outlet through wrong channels, in default of the right ones denied by poverty or otherwise unfavourable domestic circumstances.

No prison governor can cure the defects of an imperfect economic system that denies creative opportunities to many. But you, imparting humane qualities to your administration, may well prevent young prisoners from becoming embittered.

You can provide the smile in place of the scowl, the genial ray instead of the chilly blast. The thought of your being Governor of Holloway almost induces me to persuade my women friends to take a spell there for the good of their souls!—JOHN BULL.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir R. Tyrwhitt,

President, Ex-Services Welfare Society

DEAR ADMIRAL,—For gaining a most important pension ruling, your Society deserves high praise.

The case of a young ex-soldier and Lancashire lad was first taken up by your Society in 1943, soon after he was discharged as suffering from schizophrenia or split mind. You secured a 50 per cent. pension for him on the grounds that his disability had been aggravated by war service. But you were not satisfied.

Most doctors regard schizophrenia as a disease of constitutional origin which usually becomes apparent in early manhood. They say it occurs no less in civilian than in Service life, and is not to be attributed to stress and strain resulting from Service experiences.

Your Society, however, was satisfied that the young man's disability was caused by war service and not merely aggravated by it. What is more, you have persuaded the Liverpool Appeal Tribunal to accept this view—a triumph which should be noted with relief by other "split mind" casualties.

Allow me to voice their congratulations and thanks!—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Always Go Forward

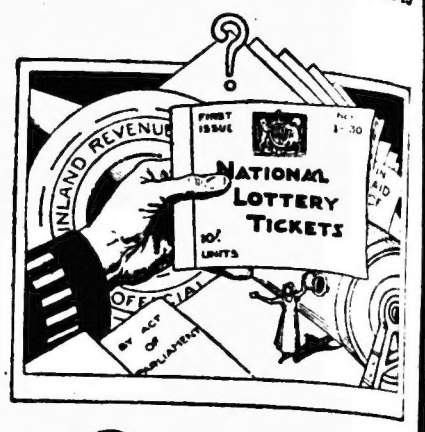
IF YOU KNOW ANYONE who is feeling discouraged, up against it, not knowing how to thread a way through a maze of doubts and difficulties, the best advice you can give him is: "Forward! Go on! Go right ahead! The difficulties you meet will solve themselves as you advance. Keep going ahead, and you will see the light beginning to shine."

This may sound too simple a recipe, but it is astonishingly successful all the same. No difficulties grow less by the mere process of being looked at. It is amazing how trivial they can seem if only we refuse to take them seriously and go right ahead as though they didn't exist.

And quite a lot of them, you know don't exist: not in reality: they exist only in our own imaginations, simply because at the moment we don't see how to overcome them.

It's only a problem the solution of which, at the moment, escapes us.

The solving of problems, like everything else, is very largely a matter of practice. You must train your own habits. You must rely on your own powers. You must depend on your own pluck and your own wit in moments of emergency. Then, and only then, you will find that you can indeed "go on" and see difficulties melt away as you approach them boldly and confidently.



Argument

The Pools controversy raises the whole question of sweepstakes and gambling

WHY NOT STATE LOTTERIES?

for

1. The instinct to gamble is widespread and deep-seated. Kept within bounds it is not harmful.

2. Willingness to "take a chance" springs from our knowledge that almost every human action is something of a gamble.

3. At present the gambling instinct is exploited commercially, often in undesirable fashion. State lotteries would harness it for the general good.

4. Many nations have employed the device successfully. The Irish Sweepstake netted more than £14,000,000 for the Eire hospitals.

5. No one who disapproves of State lotteries need enter.

6. The State has always sanctioned betting at the highest levels. Horse-racing is "the Sport of Kings."

7. In story and legend we delight to hear of sudden good fortune. State lotteries bring this cheering hope within reach of us all.

against

1. Gambling is a vice. No one who has ever watched the faces round a roulette table can doubt it.

2. State lotteries are too uncertain to be useful in national finance. Mostly unstable governments resort to them.

3. Dreams of sudden riches weaken the urge for social betterment through practical action.

4. Since the poor are most easily caught by the lottery fever, State lotteries draw revenue from those least able to afford tickets.

5. In the pools (always exceptionally well run) about 80 per cent. of takings are returned as winnings. State lotteries, aiming at revenue, give back much less—hence rapid dissatisfaction.

6. The history of sweepstakes proves that more people are ruined by winning than by losing.

7. To raise money for social purposes by anti-social means must eventually damage the whole moral structure of the community.

DEMOCRACY: THE ONLY WAY

by A. G. Gardiner

To be a democrat, it isn't enough to vote and discuss the General Election results. Democracy is a continuous process—and all of us should understand what that means

A polling station, Great Britain, July 5, 1945

As THIS ISSUE of JOHN BULL goes to press, the nation awaits the announcement of the secret of the ballot box. The nature of that secret will be known to all of us in a few hours, and speculation about it is therefore idle.

But there is something to be said on the event even apart from its result. It is much more than a domestic issue. It is, perhaps more than any election in our history, a world event.

Whether it establishes Mr. Churchill as the authoritative voice of Britain at the fateful Potsdam Conference, whether it replaces him in that capacity by Mr. Attlee, or whether, as a third possibility, it restores something like the National front that has carried the burden of the war during the past five years, its effect upon the world and the future of mankind cannot fail to be momentous.

And there is another aspect in which it has a significance far transcending these shores. It is the most dramatic expression of the working of the democratic system of government in our annals. And by the results that flow from this election it may well be that the idea of democracy as the dominant influence in human affairs will be victorious or vanquished.

Wilson Discredited

It was President Wilson who declared that the first world war was fought to "make the world safe for democracy." With the disillusion that followed the peace there was a disposition to discredit the phrase if not the idea.

So far from extending the reign of democracy over the earth, the war seemed to have made the world safe for tyranny and terrorism.

Dictators sprang up "like asparagus in May." Armies and armaments grew in secret to dimensions never before imagined. The cult of nationalism spread like a plague. A virulent racialism infected the continent from end to end.

Everything for which democracy stood—peace, international good will, the sanctity of treaties—was overwhelmed by an avalanche of Satanism before which the gospel of "good neighbours" perished.

And the second world war came. It came with a violence and horror that made the first seem relatively civilised.

But the issue was still the same. It was whether force or reason, tyranny or democracy, should possess and govern the earth. And again, at frightful cost, the verdict has gone to democracy.

Is the experience of the past to be repeated? Is democracy again to win the war and lose the peace?

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity

After the last war, there was one phrase which was on all our lips. "Never again." We all said it. We all passionately meant it.

To-day we do not say it. It is too painfully reminiscent. It is like a mocking echo of a hope and a belief that has betrayed us and that falters on our lips.

But the less it is on our lips, the more it is in our hearts. We have had our lesson.

We know that all we have won in the war can be lost in the peace, and that if democracy is betrayed again a third, and perhaps final, world war may extinguish it for ever.

In this critical time when the web of human destiny is being woven into an inexorable pattern, it is well that we should be clear about the pattern we seek.

What do we mean by democracy? It is an idea that does not imply the same setting and the same machinery everywhere. The practice of democracy in Russia, for example, differs widely from that which prevails in the English-speaking world.

But its fundamental principles must be the same or it is not democracy.

In the sense in which we understand it, democracy is only in its infancy. It did not exist in the ancient world, for the democracy of the Greek city state rested on a foundation of slavery.

Three peoples share the credit of planting that flower of freedom in the soil of Europe.

We gave the world the idea and practice of Parliamentary government and struck the first blow at the divine right of kings.

Holland's war with Spain raised the banner of peoples against external tyranny.

The American War of Independence and the French Revolution established the title of peoples to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The mechanism of democracy is defined in Lincoln's famous formula—"Government of the people, by the people, for the people." But more important than the mechanics of democracy is the humane and liberal spirit that inspires it. The aim is the evolution of free men in a free State and a free world.

The old battle-cry of the French Revolution —"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—still expresses the soul of the democratic idea.

"Liberty for everyone to live a larger and fuller life in a self-governing people's State.

"Equality" by the abolition of all forms of privilege, political, economic, religious.

"Fraternity" by the creation of an enlightened social consciousness that will not tolerate wrong to the least of its members.

No system of government is without its defects, and there are spots on the sun of democracy. It standardises mankind, especially in an industrialised world, and takes much of the colour and variety out of life. Jack is as good as his master and the stamp of uniformity is upon us all.

Mass feeling can run amok and the demagogy of a Cleon can be as mischievous in democratic England as it was in ancient Athens.

But the virtues of democracy are decisive. Under its sanctions, the individual is a free citizen in a free State.

Through his Parliament he exercises a direct, personal influence upon public affairs.

Through his free schools and his free Press he becomes educated in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship

They Fought for the People

1643—Sir Harry Verney, Parliamentary soldier:

"Peace and our liberties are the only things we aim at, till we have peace we can enjoy no liberties, and without our liberties I shall not heartily desire peace."

1775—Patrick Henry, American Revolutionary:

"I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

1862—Abraham Lincoln, Sixteenth President of the United States:

"In giving freedom to the slaves, we assure freedom to the free,—honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve."

Free People Fight Well

Through his trade unions he achieves a collective power over his conditions of life and labour that makes him the master of his fate, in so far as any of us can be that.

And democracy, in making the individual life richer and more independent, strengthens the fabric of the nation. It is able in a time of stress to call on the free energies of its people in a measure which the totalitarian State, with its regimented and servile people, cannot command.

Nothing in this war has been so remarkable as the speed with which, starting from scratch, both Britain and America were able to wipe out Germany's flying start, outdistance her and outstay her.

Towards a Better Way of Life

Democracy is always a bad starter in war. Its very virtues impede its action. But once under way its flexibility, resource and spirit carry it to victory.

It is only partially true, as the Germans used to say, that we lose all our battles—except the last. For, in spite of our desperate start, we won every battle from El Alamein onwards, including the last.

Finally, democracy is the only system that solves the riddle of human government either at home or abroad. The tyrant must heap conquest on conquest or he loses his job. "I must always dazzle and astonish," said Napoleon. There is no finality in totalitarianism or personal despotism.

Democracy has its faults, but its gospel of liberty, justice and good will among men alone offers to the human race a better way of life.

If the result of the election contributes to that end, we shall be content, whatever the result may be.

Last week we exposed the gigantic "charity" ramp that is fed by human kindness. Now JOHN BULL demands registration, open publication of accounts, stringent laws to make fraud more difficult, and such heavier punishments that the generosity of the public will be safeguarded

In the Name of Charity

REFORMERS CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND the lag between knowledge and action.

When the facts of a public scandal are widely known it is natural enough to expect that something will be done.

The old hands know better. To create indignation is easy, to promote legislation next to impossible. Of this sad fact the long, disheartening story of the attack on fake charities is all too conclusive proof.

The facts every Chief Constable, town clerk, detective officer and social worker are agreed on; the yearly loss to the nation is at least £10,000,000. Why, then, do we continue to allow the most nauseating specimens of confidence tricksters to fleece us with impunity, when a simple tightening of the law would tie their hands?

Four Government inquiries in forty years have probed the various aspects of Charity, and all have revealed abuses as shocking as they are absurd. The records of these expert investigations gather dust in obscure pigeon-holes, two timid and ineffective wartime measures their only practical results.

The Bill introduced in 1926 for the compulsory registration of all charities failed to pass its second reading—the reputable societies, fearing the growth of regimentation, proving lukewarm in their support.

This was a discreditable episode, for after endless wrangling over details came stalemate, and oily sighs of relief from innumerable crooks.

It's a Farce

The War Charities Act which came into force in August, 1942, did little more than repeat the provisions of its predecessor, passed during World War No. 1. Intended to prevent the exploitation of Servicemen and war victims, it is a poorly drafted measure in which loopholes abound.

Registration, for example, is a farce. Any crook with a criminal record can operate through a nominee. As for the production of accounts to the registering authority, this can be delayed month after month on various ingenious pretexts.

A lapse of two years, with a further period of grace while understaffed accountants grapple with the misleading figures, is scope enough for any competent crook. The money is gone, the tracks are covered, witnesses dispersed.

What chance has the prosecution when the defence, admitting "some confusion due to inexperience," demands for the charity shark the benefit of any reasonable doubt?

"The organiser was most insolent to the questioning officers, informing them that they were wasting their time. So long as some part of his proceeds went to charity, he said, his expenses were no concern of theirs."

In the police records such reports as this are not uncommon The man in question has a bogus-charities file twelve inches thick at Scotland Yard. Product of a public school, he graduated in the office of one of the master sharks.

"Something in the City"

Bolder than his employer, he struck out on his own. On the proceeds of appeals for ex-Servicemen, he was soon entertaining lavishly. His car was a familiar sight outside fashionable hotels, and the rumour went that he was "something big in the City."

Quite recently he was behind the scenes in an organisation appealing for money to provide meals for bombed-out families. Meals were undoubtedly provided, but they accounted for little more than 5 per cent. of the total fund.

For years it has been quite usual for a street collector to get 40 per cent. of his takings in addition to a small regular wage. The public school man made it a flat fifty-fifty and cut out the wages. He said it paid.

The House-to-House Collections Act of 1939 was admittedly an inconvenience to him. It requires a permit to be granted for such collections, and in the cities police scrutiny of applicants is apt to be severe.

In out-of-the-way districts, of course, things are much easier; for some guileless clergyman or local bigwig can usually be persuaded to lend support. But the returns are much lower than in the big towns, while the overhead charges, that vital factor in so many commercial enterprises, are far higher, constituting (as he was quick to point out to avaricious colleagues) a heavy load.

The difficulty of dealing with grasping associates, always a trial to the well-bred shark, was soon solved to some extent by a North Country woman who for years kept her organisation a family concern.

She is Mrs. Anne Wilson, the wife of an ex-miner. She has run sham "children's outing" and free meal schemes for many years (mostly from addresses in Scotland). She began by paying certain relatives and other collectors 50 per cent. of what they raised, but she later found that they worked better for steady wages.

Incidentally, her window-dressing was more thorough than some, for social workers estimated that of every £1,000 collected local children and old folks got, in various forms, about £100. The remaining £900 was swallowed up by "expenses."

Charity sharks are all very much the same; though here and there some picturesque figure stands out by reason of supreme effrontery—a handsome adventurer, for instance, named "Pastor" John Russell, who lived in luxury on his collections, seduced a pretty young mission helper, deserted her cruelly, refused to pay maintenance for their dues, and then, on emerging from prison, declared to his congregation: "I am a second St. Paul."

He was an interesting specimen; so was the London clergyman—the Rev. H. Clapham, of Lambeth—whose charity haul was estimated at £120,000. But the details of the cases in the files of the C.O.S.—that is, the Charity Organisation Society, watchdog of the reputable charities—are mostly wearisome repetition. The charity crook always runs so true to form.

What can be done to cut through this sorry tangle? What powers do the police need to clean up the whole nasty mess?

There are two main aspects of the problem. The clearest evidence must be required that money subscribed, less only minimum costs of administration, reaches those for whom it was meant.

The first point is a matter of registration; the second, of accountancy. Tackling the problem under these two heads, there is need for immediate legislation along the following lines:

Seven Above Suspicion

Registration. — Every charity should be licensed, the committee of not less than seven householders filing adequate evidence of good character, together with an explicit declaration that they are not nominees of other persons, nor under any pretext whatsoever themselves to receive money from the proposed fund.

Any record of bankruptcy, conviction, or previous complaint should automatically disqualify. Penalties for false statements should be severe.

The committee (whose names must appear on all their literature) should be held jointly and severally responsible for the proper administration of the charity, and personal innocence of wrongdoing should not, in case of fraud, be sufficient defence if there were evidence of neglect of duty and inattention to the society's affairs.

Accountancy.—The form of accounts to be kept by charitable organisations should be strictly laid down by the law, their books, certified by competent auditors, being open to inspection at any time. Financial statements should be published half-yearly.

No law can abolish fraud altogether. All that the law can do is to make dishonesty as difficult as possible, its detection speedy, its punishment assured.

The simple provisions listed here would have made life very hard for many of the shady char-

WHAT THEY WANT WHEN THEY LEAVE THE FORCES

The soldier from the wars returning wants a house, a job and a Britain as inventive and ene

AS A SOLDIER-CUM-CIVVY of this war, I am surprised by the interest in my mental well-being displayed by so many people who want to "readjust" me to civilian life.

Most of them, I suspect, have never seen a shot fired or a bomb dropped

But with great confidence and some presumption, they undertake to tell us how to get back to "normal," and they write articles telling our wives and sweethearts that we have "changed" and will require special handling.

LIKE SO MANY of my contemporaries, I have seen and done things in this war which I hope will never again be my lot to see or do. But I doubt if we need "readjusting" to more peaceful conditions.

Most fighting men possess a certain self-confidence they didn't have before. Many have aged a little prematurely. But I am convinced they have not changed fundamentally.

Actually, the biggest difference that war has created in them is the determination to see that their country gives them an equal opportunity with

Men's lives depended on his skill and care in war time. He deserves a fair deal in Civvy Street.

others to see their desires fulfilled They now know what they want from life. And they mean to get it.

First in his desires for his post-war world, the Serviceman puts a job. Not necessarily the job he left four or five years ago, because in many cases his Service career has been the means of his discovering new possibilities in himself that he did not previously suspect he possessed. The ex-Serviceman expects a grateful Government to help him develop these talents either by providing or technical training.

Men in the lonely parts of have dreamed for years of and families. Now they want down with them in the pl choosing and expect to with decent houses and facilities.

The soldier has seen at what a determined Britain war. He is in no mood with politicians or Gover partments who cannot provide him with a good which to live.

THE THING that has stru us very forcibly during years is the infinite pos education and training. Ta of average types, train th piloting, wireless, navig kindred subjects—and ins you have a number of a can take a heavy, complica anywhere in the world w mum of trouble.

What does the Service from this? He learns th value of education. He d

Hers is a good cause — but fraudulent charities still abound.

acters over whom the police have recently been pondering—the "pastor," self-styled, whose mission was a disused warehouse, himself its principal beneficiary; and the Society lady whose charity ball netted £3,000, of which about £24 10s. reached the charity concerned.

The law to catch these pests can be passed quickly. It is absurd to pretend that insuperable legal difficulties are involved.

Why, then, do we tolerate charity scandals?

Don't Tolerate It!

The answer lies partly in our natural distaste for officialdom—the old-established charities fear losing their freedom of action, that fine, spacious freedom which the sharks are so ready to share.

As for the rest of us, we aren't much troubled. A crook steals our savings and we howl for action: but since we give to charity only what we can afford, though we may be annoyed to hear it has been stolen, we don't really care.

To tolerate a crime is to share it; but this crime, so mean and utterly despicable, we dare not continue to share.

b an R.A.F. Flt.-Lieutenant

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his children education of a higher standard than ever before.

ONLY IN THIS WAY, the Serviceman reasons, can Britain use her potential of brains in the wisest fashion and keep her place in what looks like being a very tough post-war world.

In the Services, as near as can be, a man has equal opportunity with his fellows. "Prove you can do the job and you get it," is the general rule. Our average Serviceman thinks this would be a very good rule to extend into Civvy Street.

He maintains that certain positions should not be invariably filled by people from a particular walk of life.

So there we have it. In my opinion, your returning husband or son wants four main things on his return to Civvy Street: a job, or training for a job; a house for his family; education for his family, and equal opportunity for all.

I do not think the Government that cannot or will not produce these things will survive very long in power.

Servicemen have been through the fires in this war and have not been found wanting. They do not intend to be found "wanting" in the peace.

Frustrating the City's Knavish Tricks

by WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL's Special Commissioner

London and other great cities abound with Smart Alick company promoters. A distinguished judge and twelve experts suggest means to save investors from their conspiracies and to carry out the reforms JOHN BULL has long advocated.

FOR THIRTY YEARS JOHN BULL has condemned the slipshod and antiquated Company Laws and demanded reform.

It has said exactly what shape that reform should take.

By name; and with facts and figures that took weeks and sometimes months to investigate, it has criticised hundreds of badly run companies and scheming financiers who made fortunes from trusting investors.

Merely to glance at our files is to see that tens of millions of pounds have been involved in these company disasters.

£1,500,000 in one case; £170,000 in another; £450,000 in a third, and so on. Had the regulations been tighter, criminal proceedings could have been successfully taken in many cases; usually, the promoters went free.

Thirteen's Work

In June, 1943, the President of the Board of Trade, tired as he must have been of complaints and criticisms, appointed a special committee under the Chairmanship of Mr. Justice Cohen to consider the whole problem.

Now, two years later, its report has been issued. Two years is a long time, but Mr. Justice Cohen and his twelve colleagues had to plough through a maze of legal and financial intricacies. And it is clear that they have spent the time well.

Their report covers most of the legal loopholes to which JOHN BULL has so often drawn attention.

Let me tell you, briefly and simply, what the main recommendations are:

Shareholders must be given more detailed information about company affairs.

Stricter check must be placed on directors. Any secret holdings in company interests, whether in shares or in any other way, must be openly disclosed. Nominees must state for whom they are acting.

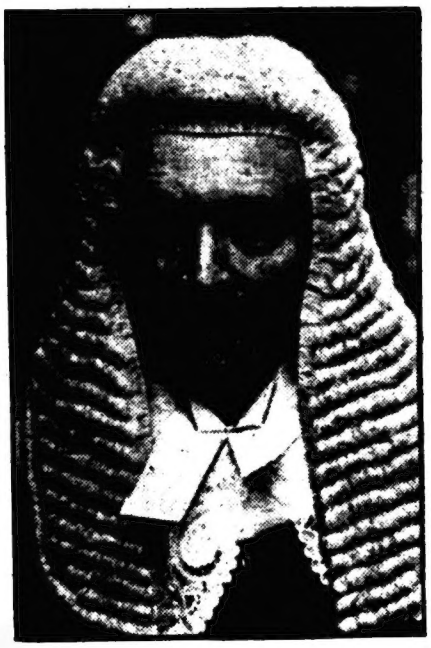
Balance-sheets and accounts must give the fullest and clearest information. In other words, figures must no longer be "mixed up" so as to confuse shareholders and disguise the real position.

Prospectuses must be more informative. Omission of material facts or figures must be made illegal. Any director who signs a prospectus concealing or misrepresenting any vital information should be held responsible not only to investors but to the law.

Making Them Responsible

Where false statements are deliberately made, the director or directors concerned should be heavily punished.

Prospectuses usually contain an expert's report of values and prospects. The committee suggests that no expression of opinion from any such source should be allowed to appear in a prospectus unless



Mr. Justice Cohen chases the company crooks.

the written consent of the particular expert concerned has been obtained.

Further, any expert who authorises an opinion should be held responsible for any loss which it may cause to investors.

The committee urges another of the many reforms originally suggested in these columns—the use of greater discretion by solicitors, bankers, valuers and brokers who allow their names to appear on prospectuses.

They should make adequate inquiries about the real status of the company, even though their names may be used in the ordinary routine of everyday business.

Closer Control

Auditors, and shareholders too, must have wider powers of control. Shareholders who cannot themselves attend company meetings—often they live long distances from the places where meetings are held—should be able to send representatives whether they be shareholders or not. Proxies should be allowed to non-shareholders acting as deputies for voting purposes.

Mr. Justice Cohen has also given close attention to the preparation of balance-sheets. Take "Assets," for example. Instead of grouping these together in vague words or figures, these should be properly set forth, under separate headings, with their certified values at the time of audit and issue.

Profit and Loss Accounts should be likewise detailed and full. They should show the true picture of a company's position year by year. Undisclosed reserves from past trading should be clearly explained.

Often, in cases I have investigated, these have been known only to directors, who have made a practice of overstating liabilities and showing undervalued assets.

Where subsidiary companies are involved, and issue separate accounts, fuller information of their intermixed finances should appear in the annual reports of parent bodies.

Lastly, auditors should be given the responsibility of declaring that they are satisfied with the financial position of branches of a company run as separate entities. They should certify on all matters in the clearest words that they are satisfied that *all* requested information has been forthcoming.

Although outside its scope of inquiry, the Committee regrets that the law of libel often restricts the power of the Press to criticise, through fear of proceedings. This is true.

It might have gone one further and asked for some modification of the law relating to contempt of court. Writs have often been issued against JOHN BULL by people whose sole purpose in so doing has been to deter us from further comment.

When?

That, in brief, is a summary of the Committee's admirable report.

But the great point is—*When will the recommendations be considered by the Board of Trade experts and transcribed into effective legislation?*

The Board of Trade, like many other Government Departments, has shelved excellent reports in the past.

In the early part of 1937, at the special request of a similarly formed committee, with Sir Archibald Bodkin, K.C., as its chairman, which was set up to review all forms of share-pushing and to suggest reforms, I spent weeks on compiling a report of all I knew about share-pushers.

A printed document, running into tens of thousands of words, and giving the name and history of every leading share-dealer worthy of suspicion, with details of his methods and the names of his companies and nominees, was delivered to that committee.

Invited to attend before Sir Archibald and his colleagues, I was told by him that the information I had provided was both useful and esteemed.

In a matter of months the Committee's report promptly appeared with a string of excellent recommendations. There was a long delay, but by the summer of 1939 a law was passed giving legislative effect to most of them.

Quick Action, Please!

Until last year, however, the full provisions of this Act had not been put into effect, its most urgent purpose—the compulsory registration of all share-dealers outside those operating in recognised Stock Exchange circles—being deferred for over four years.

I hope history will not repeat itself this time, and that immediate steps will be taken to give speedy effect to the long overdue reforms recommended by Mr. Justice Cohen's Committee.

China has started on her ninth year of war. Here is a book which reveals a remarkable war-time experiment going forward inside that valiant country—the first to defy Japan

Man-power is still cheaper than machinery, but the patient coolies are beginning to thrive along 20th century lines

Towards a New China

by VINCENT BROME

JUST OVER A HUNDRED MILES from Paochi in the Tsingling Mountains of China, there is a cave which is changing the destiny of the Chinese people. Not so very long ago it was a flea-ridden hole in the rocks, alive with chickens, ducks and little boys.

Now the walls have been whitewashed, the frontage repapered, and a small pane of glass fitted into one wall. Even so, the most elaborate attempts to bring it up to date cannot disguise the fact that it is still a cave,

But that does not bother Rewi Alley. For Rewi Alley is the twentieth descendant of a long line of Chinese ancestors, and down the centuries they have learnt not to bother overmuch about worldly possessions.

A cave, yes, but also the headquarters of one of the most progressive co-operative societies in modern China, with Rewi Alley in charge. That is the secret of the hole in the rocks in the Tsingling Mountains of China.

To-day, the industrial co-operatives are penetrating deeply into China, and they have performed some remarkable feats in the process. In his book, *I See a New China* (Gollancz, 6s.), George Hogg gets right underneath China's vast skin and explores the forces moving beneath the surface.

Operating Behind the Lines

Despite many years of war, Rewi Alley in his cave has continued to develop the co-operative spirit in China, while George Hogg, outside the cave, ran a school for young co-op boys.

Who is George Hogg? In one sense he is just another war correspondent on the job. In another he is not, for George Hogg not only went out to Hankow as the representative of the United Press.

He pushed on from there, crossed the Yellow River and made his way to Paochi, birthplace of the Chinese industrial co-operatives. There he became secretary to Lu Kuang-Mien, director of the Chinese industrial co-ops in the N.W. region, learnt to speak Chinese without an accent, and finally, came to see that the co-ops were not only an excellent method of organising small-scale industry in China, but were, in many areas, the one force which preserved China from anarchy.

To-day the co-ops are not concerned with Free China alone. Right behind the Japanese lines they continue to flourish under many subtle disguises.....

"The group of seven co-operatives producing cloth, pig-iron, silk and glass that were left behind on the countryside near Chinch'eng, carries on as unostentatiously as possible without any kind of trade mark..... Dressed as harmless merchants with no greater care in the world than to sell more Japanese tooth-paste, cigarettes and fountain pens, co-op organisers continue on their rounds, keeping units in touch with each other and with Chu's headquarters...."

Unnatural Energy

Periodically they smuggle men across the blockade lines to repay loans and bring in fresh capital. Periodically they smuggle goods made by the co-ops back to the supply and marketing department near Yangcheng.

There are several things to remember before assessing this new factor in Chinese life. The Chinese people have none of the drive and energy of Northern people. " ....We could not get over the number of idly staring people, both in and out of uniform.... We despised the people who were continuously urging us to....'rest a little, rest a little!'"

That makes the co-operative experiment remarkable enough in itself. But to produce this experiment in the middle of a ruthless war which has devastated their towns and villages, broken communications, released millions of starving refugees on to the roads—this is something near a miracle.

Leader Who Can't Read

It shows one thing very clearly. A new China is struggling for economic air beneath the surface of the war. It is a China which realises that co-operation is better in the long run than competition, that men who stand together survive those who stand alone.

Yet the old and passive China continually intrudes. For instance, there is a gentleman near the southern Shansi co-op depot known to his intimates as Old-head Chi. He runs a co-op paper mill, and runs it very successfully, but Chi remains a dirty, dishevelled person who still picks bits of food out of his beard—albeit with true Chinese dignity.

He says of himself, "I am not really suited to be a co-op chairman.... You see I can't read and that makes things very difficult...."

When one day a gang of robbers broke into the mill, they ignored the dirty-looking Chi and proceeded to beat up a smarter member of the staff until Chi gave them his savings to buy him off. After the robbers had gone, Chi unearthed some more money and promptly went off to buy a musket and powder-horn which he had seen many months before in a near-by town. The musket would stop them in future, said Chi.

Co-operation v. Competition

Yet for all his dirt and his backwardness and his puzzled approach to anything modern, Chi's small mill has worked efficiently from 1939 onwards and has supplied fourteen hundred newspaper sheets to the army every day. It has also shown a reasonable profit.

It puzzled Chi when it was suggested that his own family should not predominate in the co-op. It puzzled him when they suggested that his accounts should be open for all to inspect.

But this dim old man, bred and born in the passive ways of China, braced himself to meet the new ideas, and eventually, armed with his musket and an indomitable good humour, he succeeded.

Hogg's book is not only a first-rate picture of the change which is taking place in many parts of China to-day. It is another piece of evidence of the new world pattern. Men are coming to see that co-operation can beat competition.

"It took me forty-seven minutes, very careful handling and an ingratiating smile before I finally landed it."

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

My Constant Reader, Hezekiah Shuffle-beam, has turned author again. This time he has written an article on Money. In gratitude to him for tirelessly reading this column every week, I am publishing it E. and O.E.—IAN FOX.

All About Money

MONEY IS WHAT IS LEFT when your Income Tax has been deducted. This is not much. Money is a funny thing, because people want it in order to get rid of it.

There are all sorts of money, like dollars, francs, marks, etc. Other countries prefer small money, which makes them sound very rich. A million francs sounds a lot, but is really only something over £5,000. There seem to be a lot of dollars about, which is probably why American soldiers are often charged 2s. for a whisky where we pay 1s. 6d.

The cost of living is double what it was before the war. This means that money is worth half as much.

It always seems that, when prices are low, wages are also low, so people can't afford to buy things. But when wages go up, prices go up, too, so people still can't afford to buy things. This is what is known as Economics.

I HEAR THAT SOME PEOPLE will pay 30s. for a bunch of grapes. This means that they want a bunch of grapes more than they want 30s. They must either have a lot of money or else be very fond of grapes. Personally, I prefer rhubarb.

Making money is easier when you've got some already. If you haven't, the chances are that you'll never have enough to make any more.

What is called High Finance is quite different from money. To start with, it is all on paper. Instead of buying something and putting down 1s. 6d. in cash like you and me, they just write down several million pounds in a book.

There is much more money about in war time. For instance, the war cost us £15,000,000 a day. Things are different in peace time. They say we can't even afford things that cost much less than war, like housing, the Beveridge Plan, and bigger old age pensions.

THE NATIONAL DEBT is one result of war. This is now so large that I don't see how it can ever be paid. Personally, I think that they might as well forget it and start fresh.

If they did this it would probably upset International Currency. Currency goes up and down like a barometer. Not many people in the world know which way it is going next, and only a very few very high financiers can actually make it go which way they want. Fortunately, they don't do this very much except to keep countries under control or get rid of governments they don't like.

Our forefathers had primitive ideas on money and kept it in old socks. Nowadays it is kept in the Post Office or in banks. Bank clerks are very clever and can add up pounds, shillings and pence all at once without using their fingers.

Banks make big profits by lending out the money people put in. You can borrow money from the bank yourself. This is called an overdraft. Banks like overdrafts better than money because they get paid interest on them.

But banks are not very easy to borrow money from because they want a lot of security. Which reminds me, can another Constant Reader, if any, lend me five bob until the end of the week?

Free Speech

IS "FRATTING" A SEX PROBLEM?

Pigeon stops to rest. End of Identity Cards? Hyde Park safety valve. Seven years wait for a house. Surroundings for a baby. Dress difficulties. Total warfare in the garden. Stocks of coal for winter

FRATERNISATION—what a ridiculous word. If it means anything, it means friendliness, chiefly among men, but, stretching a point, between all reasonable human beings. What a comment on our highly civilised, movie-minded culture that it has recently come to mean nothing but going out with girls.

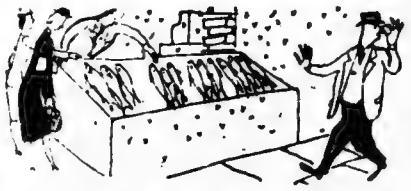
My husband would not talk about fraternisation if he had to tell me what he'd done. He'd tell me the truth. But he won't—because he's not a case for a psychologist. He's just my husband. —Mrs. J. R. L., Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

DO PEOPLE REALISE how the lifting of the non-fraternisation ban has unsettled and disturbed the womenfolk of serving men? It is not very comforting for British women to know that our troops can now go out with German girls.

If the wife of a serving man at home dares to "fraternise" with another man she is scorned. And, in any case, there are men who prefer male company and can do without a woman—please do not try to make us believe otherwise—DAISY HYDE, West Drive, Gatley, Cheshire.

More Hygiene, Please

AS AN AUSTRALIAN VISITOR to England I don't want to be considered just another overseas critic, but one thing that has surprised me is the lack of hygiene in this country, especially in



"Open to flies and dirt."

the fish shops. The fish is open to the flies and the dirt of the streets. I know all about the difficult conditions but I'm thinking of the future.—Cpl. J. M. COOK, R.A.A.F., London.

Sailor's Helping Hand

A HOMING PIGEON, ring-marked No. F5877, came down on the deck of my ship in an exhausted condition. If the owner happens to see this letter, I would like him to know that the bird was rested and fed. I don't know if rice is a suitable diet—but this bird certainly liked it. He came down about fifty miles from land, and took off again quite happily.—Tel. C. R., c/o G.P.O., London. (Name of ship enclosed.)

Identity Cards?

WHEN ARE WE GOING to get rid of our identity cards? Surely the need for them is passing. I detest the checking-up process by which the Government and the local authorities are in a position to know all about our most intimate affairs. The British people should be up in arms against all petty restrictions which affect private matters.—B. ROWBOTHAM, 56, Karnae Road, Leeds 8.

Bedside Manners

I HAVE RECENTLY BEEN released from industry by the National Service Office on compassionate grounds supported by my medical history. I had to attend a doctor, who assured me he was only interested in my case from a medical standpoint. He wanted to know whether I would have volunteered for pit work if I had not been called up. He had discovered I had only one seeing eye, but his rules of conversation prevented me from explaining that I had lost the sight of my other eye while working down a coal mine. I have heard that a few medical students have become Bevin boys, but I have not yet heard of a doctor volunteering for the work.—A. PURDY, 30, Moor Road, Brinsley, Nottingham.

Free Speaking London

THOUGH I AM FIFTY-SIX, I have only been to London once, and that was last week. My greatest thrill was on the fine Sunday morning when I went to hear the speakers at Marble Arch. In our part of the world we would give anything for a "Free Speech" forum like that. I listened carefully to all the speakers and found many of them highly intelligent, but was ashamed to see that most Londoners regard the thing as a sort of sideshow.—EVAN DAVIES, Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

Everything Comes

SEVEN YEARS AGO I applied to the local authority at Reading for a Council house. I have now heard from the town clerk, and he asks me if I now wish to be considered for a house. If so, will I please fill in the enclosed form? Of course, they're not to know whether I still want a home, I suppose, but it's a bit galling after this long wait.—W. A. BANCROFT, 230, Thirlmere Avenue, Tilehurst, near Reading, Berkshire.

Houses, Even Jerry Built

WHAT IS the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers worrying about? They protest about the use of German prisoners on house building. These prisoners will have to be paid for at full rates to the War Office. I suppose it does not matter whether we bomb-blasted citizens of London and other cities have to go on for a few more years poked up with our families in any old odd room. Let me tell these trade unionists that we want houses and we want them quickly. We don't care who builds them.—W. T. HIGGITT, 47, Casella Road, New Cross, S.E.14.

Democratic Example

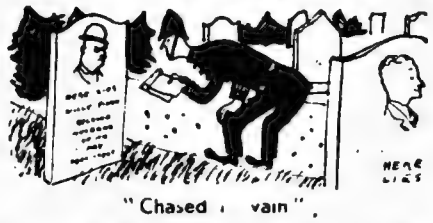
AN ITALIAN PRISONER of war walked an animal the three miles into a market last fair day. When he got there he was surprised to see the rough way in which they treated the beast. He was more surprised later, when a bus conductress refused to allow him to travel back on her bus. He walked home, thinking, no doubt, of the advantages of our democracy. Fortunately, someone picked him up in a car. This man is a fine worker, and the man who picked him up shortened the road, I hope, from Belsen back to civilisation.—D. E., Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.

Infant Compensation

I GRIEVE with Mrs. B. Foster, who wrote to say her baby would have to be born in a combined room (JOHN BULL, July 7). Our baby girl was born in similar circumstances, and in a real atmosphere of love. We take comfort from the knowledge that Christ was born in even lowlier conditions and rose above them. Mrs. Foster need feel no shame. Her baby, I'm sure, will amply compensate.—D. H. BRADBURY, 108, Balsall Heath Road, Birmingham 5.

Rogues' Gallery

IN BURMA I have noticed that it's the custom to have portrait likenesses of the dead on their tombstones. Would



"Chased . . . vain".

not this be a good idea at home? Police officers, ignoring the laudatory epitaph below a picture, might discover a criminal whom they had chased in ain—and realise he had slipped through their hands. Also, of course, relatives would like to have a reminder of those they had loved.—Pte. R. D. BARRET-LENNARD, 92 B.S.D. (Light) R.A.S.C., S.E.A.C.

Clothes Problem

MY DAUGHTER IS SEVENTEEN, 5 ft. 4½ in. in height and weighs 10 st. 8 lb. We have been into every shop in this town to buy a dress for her. We were told they did not cater for her size because of the amount of material required. My daughter's hip measurement is 42 in.

"A lot of rabbits and sardines."

She is not fat, and all I can think is that the authorities want a lot of rabbits and sardines, not men and women.—MRS. G., near Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

Near Beer

AS A MILKMAN, I am periodically subjected to measure tests by an inspector from the Weights and Measures Department. This is fair and just, but it strikes me that a visit by this gentleman to public-houses would yield better results.—T. J. MOONEY, 14, Picton Place, Canton, Cardiff.

Garden Flame Thrower

I SYMPATHISE WITH your reader whose garden is choked with weeds (JOHN BULL, July 7). My garden is full of ground-elder, apart from other things, and I have decided that weeds are Priority One as far as I am concerned. Perhaps your correspondent will sympathise with me though, because, after asking the advice of the War Agricultural Committee, I have been advised to tackle the weeds with a flame-thrower. The County Agricultural Officer's letter ends: "I do not know if there is one in your district. I am sorry we cannot lend you one as we have not got it now."

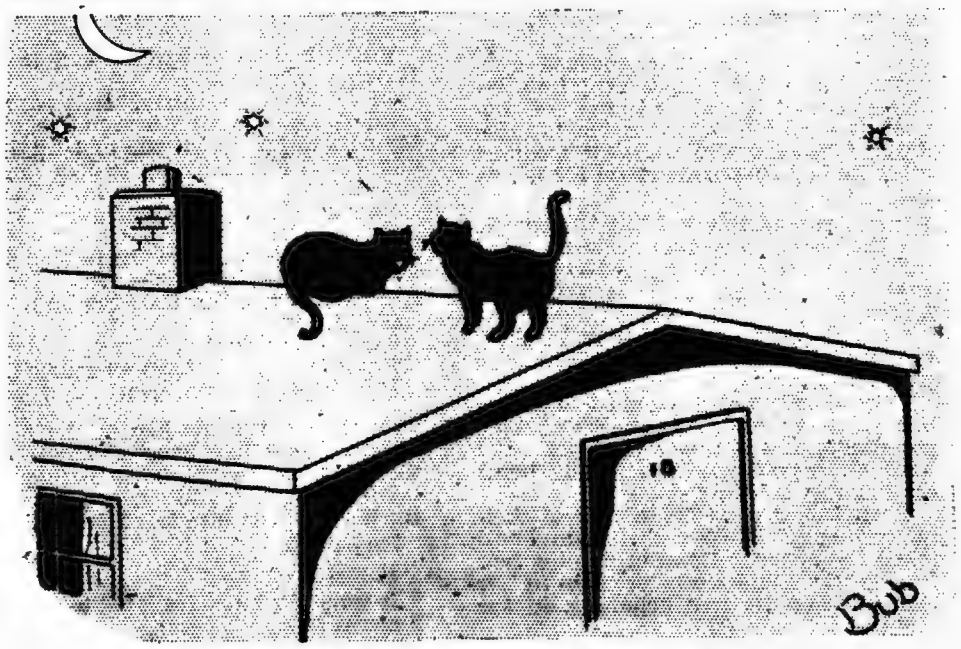
Maybe the Australians near Balikpapan will come to the rescue. I see they're using these implements.—VIOLET M. GREEN, Denmead, Portsmouth.

Coal Lies Idle

MY WIFE HAS BEEN TOLD by her coal merchant that he has 50 tons which he may not touch. At the moment he is almost idle, as there is no coal he can deliver. Would it not be wiser to sell to those who can take extra now, or is he to hold his stock until the winter brings transport difficulties? — C. WILLIAMS, Hull.

Counter Attack

PERFECT ILLUSTRATION of shopping conditions to-day. . . . My eight-year-old nephew, told he might soon have a baby sister, expressed an emphatic wish for a brother. A sister arrived. He sighed, looked glum, and remarked: "Oh, well, they must keep the boys under the counter."—E. V. JAMES, 157, Woodford Avenue, Ilford, Essex.



"Those were the days—when there were tiles."

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

MURDER IS EASY!

He wondered if she'd know he'd been close behind her.

by
MICHAEL CRAIG
ILLUSTRATED BY S. L. BRETTELL

Leonard was being driven mad by his wife's monotonous good humour, her unwanted sympathy and her girlish giggle . . . .

IN HIS OFFICE he had given out that he wanted to clear up his desk before leaving for Manchester. He asked that he shouldn't be disturbed. It was fortunate that, being the Branch Manager, he had a door of his own through to the toilet, and from there to the street. No one had seen him leave.

He walked back to the house by way of the fields—again no one saw him.

She was surprised to see him, but of course pleased and ready to start fussing. This time he didn't mind her fuss—he welcomed it. . . . He said how tired he was, that he'd had to come home for some papers—old papers belonging to the office. He believed he'd put them away in the cellar.

He mopped his brow in pretended exhaustion, and she said immediately, as he knew she would, that she would get them for him. He must just sit down and have a little rest. . . .

"Careful of that loose step in the ladder," he called after her, and then, quietly easing off his shoes and pulling smooth leather gloves out of his pocket, he followed her, silently.

He'd thought beforehand that he might be excited, that his hands would shake, that sweat would gather along his body. . . . But he felt nothing. . . . Nothing.

Her neck was broken, and that was all there was to it. She didn't even look dead—just awkward and ugly. . . .

FOR A MOMENT he looked down at her, and wondered if in that last second, before he'd pushed her through the broken step and she'd fallen down and over on to the worn stone floor of the cellar, he wondered if she'd know he had been close behind her.

He wondered what she had thought. . . .? If it had surprised her to learn in that last moment of fifteen years of married life, that her affectionate, solid, smiling, quiet husband loathed her! He hoped she had discovered that.

He laughed softly as he looked at her and shook his heavy, grey-streaked head deprecatingly. No-one would believe he had it in him. . .

Only last night their friends the Walters had come in to say good-bye and had toasted them, him and Phyllis, as the most perfectly happy and contented couple they had ever known.

Daphne Walters had raised her glass to them.

"Len and Phyllis—the perfect couple!" She'd shaken her over-curled head at them roguishly. "I don't believe you two dears have ever quarrelled."

Quarrelled? No, they never had quarrelled. You didn't bother to raise your voice and lose your temper when you were utterly bored! He had been bored with Phyllis for years. . . .

He supposed if he were in the dock he would be able to give no real reason for murdering her.

The law wouldn't allow that because he knew before she spoke what she would say, because he was irritated by her constant good humour, her insistence on only seeing the best side of everything, because her unasked sympathy, her fussing, nauseated him, because the constant clicking of her needles over her interminable knitting drove him mad—No, the law wouldn't allow he had sufficient reason for killing her.

WELL, IT WAS NEVER going to come to the dock. It was an accident. Time and time again he'd warned her about that loose, rotten step in the cellar ladder.

"I wish you'd get it seen to, Phyllis," he'd said the last time they played bridge with the Walters.

"My dear," she'd laughed, her big bust shaking and her cheeks making mountains of fat under her eyes. "I hardly ever go down there. And when I do, I'm very careful."

Then they'd gone on to talk of their impending move to Manchester, and he'd taken the opportunity of explaining how Phyllis was going up before him in the morning and he was following in the evening.

"I'll come and see you off," Daphne had offered, but he'd shaken his head at Phyllis, and she'd said she'd be in a terrible rush. That Daphne mustn't bother, it was far too early in the morning. . . .

"And," he'd cut in, "Good-byes are always horrible, but railway ones particularly so. . . ."

It was only last night, after the furniture had gone, that he'd said to Phyllis that, after all, he'd like her to wait and travel up with him.

"I've been thinking. There are the camp beds and the blankets to get packed up and down to the station. It will be too much for you. There's no real reason why you shouldn't wait and go up with me. . . ."

She'd wrinkled her forehead in protest.

"But I'd like to have things straightened out a bit before you arrive, Len. . . ."

But in the end she'd agreed, as, in the end, he knew she always would agree with him.

"I shouldn't bother about letting Daphne know you've changed your mind," he said. "She'll be under your feet all day if you do."

"Silly." She giggled good-humouredly. "The 'phone is already cut off, and I'm not likely to walk two miles for the sake of another hour or two of Daphne's company."

Yes, it had all worked out very neatly. It *was* an accident.

"I left at eight-thirty," he'd say; "I went straight to my office in the town. My wife was going on the nine-fifty-five, and I was travelling up to join her on the five-ten. I didn't go back to the house at all. . . . Would to God I had. . . ."

He gave a last look at the twisted body at the foot of the ladder, then turned, and closed the cellar door behind him.

He paused.

That wasn't right.

She'd have left it open, of course. . . .

He opened it again, gently. . . .

HE MUST LEAVE his key in the letter-box. That had been arranged with the incoming tenant. They already had Phyllis's. In the little hall he polished the key between his gloved fingers.

He paused.

It was *his* key.

It would look odd for it not to carry his finger-prints.

Thoughtfully he pulled off his gloves and gripped the key several times between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. . . .

Gently he slipped it into the letter-box. There was a letter lying there, and as he picked it out and saw the Manchester post-mark he grew hot. . . . Why had they written to him. . . .? Something must have happened. . . .?

Urgently he ripped it open, and with the first quick glance his thumping heart eased back to normal. It was nothing but just a request from his new superior, Burrows, that if he had the time between trains at Euston would he mind collecting a parcel and bringing it down to him?

Angrily he shoved the letter into his pocket. He supposed he'd have to do it, the time, whether he had it or not. Damn the fellow.

Cautiously he opened the front door. The lane and the green fields beyond were silent and empty. He closed the door firmly behind him and made for the fields. This was the most perilous part of it all. No one must see him. . . . No one. . .

But luck, or fate, or what you will, was with him. Safely he reached his car again. Everything was going wonderfully well. . . . No one had missed him there either. . . . His secretary took it for granted, when he rang for her, that he had been busy in his office the past hour and a half.

When he'd dismissed her, he sat lazily in his chair and thought over his next move. To-night he'd ring Daphne and Jim from Manchester. He'd say casually that, in some annoying way, Phyllis had missed her train, or maybe that she'd stayed in London over-night. He'd be husbandly angry, fed-up and slightly indignant. . . .

He hadn't to report to the Manchester office until the day after to-morrow. So to-morrow he'd sit in the new house outside Manchester and pretend to wait for her. . . . Towards evening he'd go down to the police station in a state of great agitation. . . .

SITTING AMONG the packing cases in the empty house the next day, he made himself as comfortable as possible. He tried to read, to be quiet and at his ease, but he was too wound-up. The day seemed endless. He checked back again on all his movements, but could find no flaw. . . . Murder was so simple. And life was going to be pleasant without Phyllis.

He looked at his watch. Time. At last, that he started getting worried. Time he went and reported her missing to the police. . . .

"Now, don't you worry too much, Mr. Blake." The inspector patted his shoulder soothingly. "Your wife will turn up. Never doubt it. Why, many people are reported missing nearly every day and most of them are found doing some quite ordinary thing. And what surprised they are that we're looking for them."

"But you don't understand," he said pitifully, "Phyllis, my wife, isn't the sort of person. She wouldn't go and do something, anything, without first consulting me. Why, we haven't been separated for more than a night, or in a while, in fifteen years. . . . I'm worried. . . . I can't help it. . . . I feel something has happened to her. . . . I wish I hadn't let her travel alone. . . . The trains nowadays. . . An accident!"

Wild-eyed, he looked up.

"No, no, Mr. Blake, there hasn't been any accident on the line. Now tell me, did you and Mrs. Blake have a bit of a quarrel? Maybe she was upset, eh?"

He shook his head. "My wife and I never quarrelled. Never."

The inspector examined his blunt fingers thoughtfully. Leon-

JOHN BULL
Short Story

leaned forward, hanging desper-
on any possible suggestion.
sn't there anything you can do,
ector? I mean immediately. I
...."
es," said the Inspector, cheerfully,
an put a call through to the police
on down there. They will check
n all her movements. Surely the
t collector or the booking office
will remember her?" He stood
You come back to-morrow morn-
Mr. Blake, and I'm sure we'll have
news for you."
Thank you. Thank you. You
dn't have been kinder, nicer ....
nk you." Miserably he made his
to the door.
utside the police station he remem-
d to walk dejectedly. His thoughts
busy again, going back over every-
g he'd said, everything he'd done
There had been no slip up. He
in the clear all right.
ust a little more acting when they
nd her.

ERE'D BE AN inquest, of course. Prob-
bly Daphne and Jim would be ques-
ned. They would say how sorry they
e. How happy he and Phyllis had
ays been. The court would express
sympathy and return a verdict of
idental death....
e would be free. Never again to
en to Phyllis's throaty laughter, to
her eating, to hear her inane, repeti-
us talk—never again.
When he got back to the house he
de himself up a bed of sorts and went
sleep happily.
The next morning, his sense of ease,
well-being, was still with him, and
n the fact that at the last moment
had to return to the house for Bur-
s' parcel and so missed a seat on
bus into town—didn't unduly upset
m. As he clutched the bulky parcel
th one hand and hung to a strap with
e other, he hummed under his
ath....
t was going to be a lovely sunny
mmer day. ...
Burrows rose to meet him as, with a
ock, he entered his office. His quick
ance took in the parcel. He stretched
n eager hand for it.
"Present for my wife's birthday," he
d. "Awfully glad you could bring it.
would have been too late by the train.
I just thought of you at the last
oment. It was a long chance, because
n to one you wouldn't get my letter
fore you left...."

LAKE LAUGHED. Burrows looked quite
a pleasant chap. Sounded a bit
mpy and nervous, perhaps. Maybe
is wife got on his nerves.
"I darn nearly didn't," he said
leasantly, "it didn't arrive until the
fternoon post...." The words died on
is tongue, his mouth hung foolishly
gape.
The man sitting at the clerk's desk in
he corner swung slowly round in his
hair and stood up.
"I arrest you, Leonard Blake, for the
murder of your wife, Phyllis Blake, on
he afternoon of July the 3rd at approxi-
mately three-thirty in the afternoon."
Before Blake's dazed eyes he held a
crumpled envelope.
"This was found at your house, and
according to the post-mark," said the
Inspector grimly, "it couldn't have been
delivered before three o'clock."
Blake, who'd been so unafraid to kill,
felt fear paralysing his body, numbing
his mind. His dry lips mouthed
stupidly....
Suddenly he screamed and spun upon
his heel....
He'd felt her there, behind him! Fat,
and helpless with throaty laughter,
pushing him forward....forward....
Into the arms of the Inspector.... Into
the embrace of a rope....

The National Stud horse, Sun Chariot, which gave the King such successful seasons in 1941 and 1942, is taken for a run by Gordon Richards. At the stud, under the management of Peter Burrell, Sun Chariot leads an easier life with her valuable foal.

All the King's Horses

In the National Stud make money for the taxpayer and keep up the breed of champion British livestock.

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL. She was about the fastest thing on four legs in her time. They called her Myrobella, and she won thousands for the backers who cheered her home.

To-day she is a sedate grandmother, chewing the grass in a paddock down in Dorset. But she is still a star, for the fortunes of the National Stud, the taxpayers' stable, have largely been based on her.

The National Stud is a remarkable place. It is another blow to the people who twitter about private enterprise. For it has successfully taken State ownership into the rarified bloodstock industry, previously the province of the very, very rich.

And as so often happens, it started on one foot, with apologies all round.

Placed Under the War Office

It began back in the last war, when Colonel Hall Walker, M.P.—afterwards Lord Wavertree—offered to give the nation his stud of twenty horses.

It was a magnificent gift, for the string included one Derby winner, Minoru, and the value went into six figures.

There was one qualification. It was stipulated that the nation should buy the estate in Ireland where the horses were bred and a training establishment in England.

The horses, easily, were worth twice the valuation of the property, so the nation could not lose!

But the Government of the day did not contain many men who understood horses. Instead of jumping at the offer they hedged. They talked about principles. They didn't think it was right for the Government to patronise the bloodstock business.

Then someone had a brainwave.

It was pointed out that the standard of cavalry chargers depended on the thoroughbred bloodstrain. So the Government took the plunge.

And to show that this was an Army affair and had nothing whatever to do with racecourses, the National Stud was put under the War Office.

The Stigma Faded

Even then some people were not satisfied, and more than once M.P.s have argued that the Stud should be given up.

The Stud has always steered clear of the limelight. It gets little publicity. Its policy is to breed horses and then either sell them as yearlings outright or lease the outstanding ones to established owners.

So, in practice, the taxpayers' own horses have often raced in famous colours.

Breeding thoroughbreds is an uncertain business, with many disappointments, and the National Stud has not always had an easy run. At one time, during the lean years a decade ago, the Stud was having a "down." Accountants, looking for a cut on the national expenditure, spotted it, and demanded that it should be sold.

They forgot that it had already made £100,000 profit in its good years.

Their demand was backed by all sorts of people—especially those who hate racing and who disliked the idea of the nation running a stud.

But those were bad days. No one wanted to buy a stud farm. The sale was postponed. By the time prices had picked up the urgency had gone. The National Stud was on its feet again.

Myrobella did more than anything else to turn the corner for the organisation. She was leased to Lord Lonsdale—and in one year she won more than £11,000 in prize money.

Myrobella's success, according to the terms of the stock contract, earned a little over £6.000 for the taxpayer and priceless publicity for the Stud.

No one talked of selling it any more, particularly as more and more people came to realise that its real purpose was breeding, not racing.

And so it developed. In seventeen years the Stud bred and sold 356 yearlings which brought in 417,894 guineas.

It bred winners of nearly 600 races worth over £300,000 in stakes.

The most famous colours in the land were carried on its horses. It was Big Game and Sun Chariot, leased from the Stud, which gave the King such successful seasons in 1941 and 1942.

To-day both horses are back in the Stud playing their part in the scientific business of an ever finer strain of thoroughbred.

Two years ago, in the middle of the year, the National Stud was transferred from Tully, where it had started in 1915, to Gillingham, in Dorset.

Eighteen mares made the journey from Ireland, among them Myrobella, now a veteran, grand dam of such famous present-day horses as Chamossaire.

Success That Got Away

To-day it is a flourishing concern, with only the remotest interest in the more exciting business of horse-racing. In the next few years the Stud will play a leading part in regaining Britain's export market for bloodstock—which has naturally been contracted by the war.

The Dorset estate cost the nation £16,500. It was bought by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, which took over the Stud from the War Office when official interest in cavalry chargers declined.

According to the records, Peter Burrell, who manages the Stud, gets somewhere between £800 and £1.000 a year for his highly responsible work—considerably less than he would earn if he were running a comparable stud for any of the great racing stables at Newmarket. He has the immensely difficult job of deciding which horses shall be sold outright and which—the particularly promising ones—shall be leased out for racing and then returned to the Stud for breeding.

The success of the system has been astonishing. In thirty years the Stud has produced winners of every race of importance. But it has not always happened that success and cash went together.

The great Blandford, for example, was a product of the National Stud. He was sold for 730 guineas as a yearling, he won three of his four races, and was a brilliant success later on as a stallion. He sired four Derby winners, and one of them, Bahram, won the great triple crown of Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger.

More Land Wanted

Many of the Stud's horses have gone abroad to spread the reputation of British thoroughbreds all over the world. Challenger, one of the best stallions in the United States, was a taxpayers' horse in his day.

So you could go on. The experts used to say that the old Stud in Kildare succeeded because of the richness of the pasture land and its spacious meadows. In Dorset the yearlings grow up in some of the loveliest countryside in all Britain. Already it is hoped to buy more land, to enlarge the Stud when things get normal.

Down there to-day in those Dorset hills you can see some of the most famous horses in the world.

J. M. MICHAELSON.

BIG FIGURES

HORSE-RACING is something more than a sport. It is an industry.

See how it grew until the war restricted its markets:

In the year 1874 in Great Britain and Ireland rather more than a thousand horses ran in races valued at £327,151. By 1913 the prizes had increased to £572,281; the number of runners to 4,055.

But that was only the half-way mark.

1938 saw 5,143 horses competing in 2,418 races worth £801,429.

Even last year, despite the war, 898 races were run. Value: £253,285.

Breeding, of course, remains a highly profitable side of the industry. The owner of Dante has just refused an offer of more than a hundred thousand pounds for him, knowing that this total will easily be surpassed by stud fees within a few years.

Actually, the number of registered stallions is 267, and there are approximately 6,000 mares.

Mother's Won a Holiday

THINK what a good long holiday means to a semi-invalid mother of a grown-up family. That is what her First Prize in *Bullets* 1,483 means to Mrs. E. M. Harris, "Penllyn," Morfa Bychan, Portmadoc.

Her winning words, inspired by to-day's housing shortage, were: Old, Old Story—Adam And Eve "Homeless." And a few well-chosen words on your coupon below, if posted by Tuesday, August 7, can win *you* any of this week's 37 Holiday Cheques.

INCREASED HOLIDAY CASH

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £365

£100 Cash First plus Seaside Holiday for Two
£20 plus £5 Holiday Bonus
£10 plus £5 Holiday Bonus
3 of £8, 3 of £6, 3 of £4
25 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.
1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Aug. 18 with details of new £100 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

PILOT WINSTON
HOME, SWEET HOME
HEALTHIER BRITAIN
THE OLD FIRM
LOOKING FOR A JOB
NOW THEY'RE ELECTED
WITHOUT QUEUEING
HOPING FOR THE BEST
CRAZY SYSTEM
BABY'S LIFE
IN PLAIN ENGLISH
FRATERNISING
HE'S A WORKER, SO
SAFE BET
AT OUR DOG SHOW
ASTONISHING FEAT
ON A PEDESTAL
SORRY SIGHT
DAD'S CABBAGES
BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

PLENTY TO.....
LESSON FOR.....
RATTLED THE.....
OUT OF.....
..... FUTURE
SPOILT HIS.....

Result No. 1,435—First Prize £100 & Holiday Week-end

G. W. SCRAGG, 27, EDENFIELD ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

LIKE OLD TIMES
ASCOT—WIMBLEDON—HENLEY—JARROW?

£20: A. H. Hodgson, 109, Shortridge Terrace, South Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
A Full Life—Make Years—Mock Years!
£10: A. L. L. Winters, 22, North Avenue, Harrow.
Quite Happy—Wife Saying Goodbye Daily.
10 of £6:
J. Bell, 36, Bellclose Rd., West Drayton.
Once And For All—Unite! Or One Night—
Pte. H. Connor, c/o 65, Victoria Road, Platt Bridge, Wigan.
Holding The Congregation — Church, Easily—Preacher, Hardly.
F. Emberton, 9, Wedgnock Terrace, Lower Cape, Warwick.
Father's Breakfast — Changes Cheek During Shave!
H. Grover, 70, Tankerton Rd., Whitstable.
Practical Sympathy — "Luck Out? Look In!"
A. Jackson, 47, Finchley Road, Kingstanding, Birmingham.
Our Finest Gesture—Collaborating in Hunger's "Appeasement."
A. G. Kearney, 195, Deane Church Lane, Bolton.
Like Old Times—Motor "Coming For Me."
H. Llewellyn, 37, Walsall Street, Newport, Mon.
Muddlers—Until Mucked About, British.
Mrs. A. M. Newnham, 16, St. John's Av., Kidderminster.
Japan's Sunset — Thanks, A Million "Turners"!
S. C. Pearce, 12, Norton View, Kings Heath, Birmingham.
Father's Breakfast—Shrivelled Up — Shovelled Down.
Mrs. M. A. Vale, 7, Heolddu Avenue, Bargoed.
Cool As A Cucumber—Englishman, To "Bitter End."

A list of 20 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CASH AND PENS WON—XWORD 437.
WINNING WORDS: 1. Topple. 2. Dull. 3. Cool. 4. Finer. 5. Votes. 6. Wary. 7. Store. 8. Gat. 9. Brags. 10. Dunce. 11. Peal. 12. Tea. 13. Wagers. 14. Crust.
£50 SHARERS: Mrs. H. A. Chilvers, Norwich; Sgt. A. E. Flack, Dalston, E.8; W. H. Fowler, Leigh-on-Sea; Cpl. C. M. Holmes, Buckingham; J. W. Honeycombe, Hove; A. Spink, Bradford; Mrs. E. M. Watson, Bradford. Each in addition receives Fountain Pen as offered.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 39 entrants.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,489, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

2 FREE "BULLETS"
With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon also.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,489
BANK HOLIDAY CLOSING POSTMARK TUESDAY, AUG. 7

For £100 "BULLETIN" (AUG. 18), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

NO VACANCIES IN THE MERCHANT NAVY

Summer activities for Youth Clubs. Education Authorities step in. What type of war memorial? Possession of furnished house. Forfeits when absent without leave

"I HAVE ALWAYS HAD a craving for the sea. Early in the war I tried for the Royal Navy, but there were no vacancies. Time after time I have volunteered for the Merchant Navy—without result.

"I am in the building trade, but shall never settle down to it while I am perpetually day-dreaming of life at sea. Can you do something to help?"

Half a century ago you could have run away and joined the first ship that would take you. That is no longer possible; you can't go to sea without first being trained for the work.

There are no vacancies at all. In fact, more than 800 boys who have received their training have been directed to other work on the land or in your own work—building. You, as an untrained man, have no chance while conditions remain as they are. I'd like to help you and say something more encouraging, but nothing can be gained by raising false hopes. Get down to your job of building houses—it is work of supreme importance.

"I AM A MEMBER of the committee of a youth club. We are kept busy enough in winter, especially when the weather is bad, but it seems hardly right for young people to spend their evenings indoors during the summer.

"Our difficulty, however, is to keep up the interest when we get out of doors. Members tend to drift away and the sense of club fellowship is lost. I shall be glad if you can suggest some open-air activities besides the usual cricket and tennis."

There are some useful suggestions in *Youth Fellowship Programmes*, by Gordon Fallows and Stella Lord (Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, 2s. 6d.).

Here are a few ideas: Open-air drama, dancing a "scavenger" hunt, visits to places of interest with talks on the spot, a natural history ramble, a treasure hunt, a round-the-camp-fire evening with songs.

The secret of success is to plan fully beforehand. If the leader's ideas are vague and he trusts to last-minute improvisation the members are likely to split up or drift away.

"I RECENTLY HAD A CHANCE to take about twenty youngsters to a holiday home in Derbyshire. The children were the sort who do not get much in the way of life's blessings—children whose fathers were in the Forces and mothers tied up with jobs.

"Deposits had been paid and clothing bought, but now—fifteen days before we were due to start—the Education Authorities refuse to permit the children to come because they will miss school for one week! This is dictatorship, and I hope you will use your powerful influence to make the case known."

Each Educational Authority fixes its own school holidays (which are considerable), and in addition children are allowed to take holidays when their parents do. But the Authority is within its right in refusing to grant other leaves of absence, because it would interfere unduly with the work of the school.

All the same, I can sympathise with you in your disappointment, and even more with the twenty children who will miss the treat. Could you not take the party during the school's official holidays? If the deposits are not returnable, surely they could be transferred to a later date? Such a request would be quite reasonable.

"WHILE I WAS WAITING in a doctor's surgery I overheard two women discussing the scheme for a local war memorial. The suggestion is to provide a playing field where young people can spend their leisure hours. One woman was indignant and said she did not see why children should be given enjoyment as a result of war. It would be far better, she said, to erect a war memorial bearing the names of the men who had been killed. What do you think?"

I can appreciate both sides of this argument. But I feel sure that if the returning soldiers, sailors and airmen were consulted—as they ought to be—they would favour the idea of a playing field for their children. I can't help thinking, too, that, if they could be asked, those whose names are to be commemorated would prefer to be remembered by a playground to bring happiness to future generations than by a conventional stone memorial. A playground would be worth-while and appreciated by use. Moreover, there is no reason why the names of those who gave their lives should not be kept in remembrance by a plaque at the entrance to the playground.

X-WORD CASH, RADIO, PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. One may be so hot that a man is afraid to touch—BO□LER. 2. Are particularly shallow at times—□ORDS. 3. You may not find this marked on small scale map—L□NE. 4. Police will be lucky to find lost goods in burglar's—LO□T. 5. We must be able to rely on these—□ROPS. 6. Politician's this only makes many people more cynical—JA□. 7. A man's winning these may make it easier to forgive foibles—□AYS. 8. A number of horses are marked by—RA□CH. 9. Goes off the rails if driven too furiously—□RAIN. 10. It isn't necessarily the best to cut it, even if it is too long—TA□E. 11. Autumn is the time for this—M□ST. 12. Man who plunges may receive nasty shock from—RO□K. 13. It's not good that there should be this at table—□ASTE. 14. Can be pretty painful—S□ING.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Aug. 18 with £100 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Bank Holiday closing postmark—**TUESDAY, Aug. 7.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 441, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 437 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Workers' Travel

E. N., Arundel: Persons transferred from home by the Ministry of Labour and National Service to work of national importance are entitled, subject to certain conditions, to receive twice a year a travelling warrant from an Employment Exchange which can be exchanged at a railway booking office for a return ticket to the home area on payment of 7s. 6d.

Hitherto this has had to be withheld during periods of traffic congestion, but it has now been decided that in future these cheap travel warrants will be made available at any time during the calendar year, including Bank Holiday periods. It must be remembered, however, that heavy traffic congestion on the railways at Bank Holidays is likely to continue for some time, and you are strongly advised to avoid travelling at such periods.

C. G., Leith: As furnished houses are not controlled by the Rent Restriction Act, the landlord would be able to get possession by application to Court for an Order. It would not be necessary for him to show that alternative accommodation was available.

T. F., Farnham: The W.R.N.S. and the W.A.A.F. as well as the A.T.S. are now open for voluntary recruitment. The W.R.N.S. have vacancies (age limits 17½ to 45) for cooks and stewards. The A.T.S. have vacancies (age limits 17½ to 35) in numerous categories. The W.A.A.F. have vacancies (age limits 17½ to 43) in a number of trades. Volunteers should apply to the nearest recruiting centre or to the local office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service.

J. S., Peebles: If a soldier is absent without leave, he forfeits his pay during this period. If the period exceeds seven days, his family allowance also ceases until he is apprehended or voluntarily rejoins. Any stoppage of pay while a man is with his unit does not affect his family allowance.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL's War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Naafi CLUBS ARE TRUMPS!

In the new Naafi clubs, a variety of comforts and amusements awaits the Service man and woman — lounges, well-stocked libraries, quiet reading and writing-rooms, cheerful taverns, games-rooms, cafeterias, baths and showers and barber's shops, dances, cabarets, discussion groups, debates and lectures. Each club has a mending and darning service, and electric irons are available.

The cost of establishing these clubs is borne entirely by Naafi — yet another way in which Naafi provides amenities for the Forces.

NAAFI CLUBS are open at

MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Buildings, **SOUTHAMPTON** Havelock Road, **LEEDS** Albion St., **NORWICH** Rampant Horse St., **NOTTINGHAM** 5-9 Bridlesmithgate, **DARLINGTON** Park Street, **PLYMOUTH** Lockyer Street, **SLEAFORD** Old Corn Exchange, **ABERDEEN** 36-40 Market St., **DONCASTER** 44 High St., **NEWCASTLE** Northumberland and Blacket Street, **CARLISLE** Rickergate, **CHESTER** Forest House, Love Street, **LINCOLN** Broadgate and Rombold Street.

Navy and Air Force Institutes, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey

'We ask you to show your appreciation of our men'

H. R. Alexander
B. L. Montgomery
B. Paget
Louis Mountbatten

This recent appeal on behalf of the Army Benevolent Fund by the four Commanders in the field has already received a generous response · Now that victory in Europe is ours what more fitting gesture could *you* make than a gift to the Army Benevolent Fund · Send your thank-offering for our gallant Army to FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF CAVAN, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, or to any Branch of any Bank.

ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON H.M. THE KING

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

From a doctor's DIARY

"Is V.D. treatment something new, doctor?"

No, not at all. Free Treatment Centres for V.D. were started many years ago—in 1916 in fact. More than a hundred were opened to cope with the increase in V.D. during the last War when the problem was more serious than it is now.

By 1920 there were over two hundred treatment centres in Great Britain and hundreds of doctors, nurses and laboratory workers had been trained specially for V.D. work. By 1939 the number of early syphilis cases coming for treatment had dropped to one-third of the 1920 figure. We were making steady progress year by year.

Then came the present War—and, as always happens in wars, V.D. again began to increase. So the Government strengthened its free treatment services to help win back the ground that had been lost. And the Government also did something just as important. It tore away the curtain of secrecy that had surrounded V.D. Nowadays we talk more openly about these diseases because we recognise that the more publicity is given to their causes and terrible effects, the more likely we are to reduce and conquer them.

Today 278 free treatment centres—often called V.D. Clinics—are available. In addition, 182 specially trained doctors in various towns and villages give free treatment in their own surgeries.

The most important thing about V.D. is to avoid the loose behaviour which spreads disease. And anyone who has reason to suspect infection should seek advice at a clinic without delay. Some people just "put off" going. They say they are nervous about going to a clinic. But they should be much more afraid of the awful consequences of neglected V.D.

Clean Living is the Real Safeguard

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. (The addresses are given on local posters.) Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and Central Council for Health Education
(VD41-16)

A BOOK OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO EVERY FAMILY

EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR

NEARLY 600 pages; 300,000 words of invaluable advice and guidance; scores of practical photographs and anatomical drawings and diagrams; 2,500 separate subjects arranged in alphabetical order for instant reference; a reliable medical reference book that tells you what to do in an emergency; that, in brief, is "Everybody's Family Doctor," dealing with every possible kind of complaint, illness, ailment or accident from toothache to a compound fracture. Post the Order-Labels below at once.

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STANDARD EDITION Bound in Maroon Bookcloth, embossed in Gold. **Send only 5s. 3d.**, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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DO THIS NOW Fill in Order-Labels below. Indicate edition required, and post with Postal Order for correct amount to **Odhams Press Ltd., "Everybody's Family Doctor," Book Department J.N.1, Kings Langley, Herts.** Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross '& Co.'. Applications must be received by not later than Aug. 9.

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"I have no hesitation in saying that Phosferine is all that it stands for. It is my 'stand-by' in emergency, my extra ration of energy if I may say so. I was given Phosferine when quite young, so you see it is a good old friend of mine. When people say they are run down, I say 'you need a good tonic, and that is Phosferine.'" (Signed) Mrs. G. C., Sunderland.

Phosferine has built up a reputation for helping people to tide over difficult periods because of its action in reviving jaded appetites and restoring lost strength. If things seem to be getting on top of you, try Phosferine.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)
2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

Royal Enfield

BICYCLES ARE "MADE LIKE A GUN"

THE ENFIELD CYCLE Co LTD REDDITCH.

This TYPIST says

"I couldn't enjoy even a lunch snack until 'Bisurated' Magnesia ended the indigestion symptoms I used to dread." The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity—set up by fermenting food which is burdening your digestive system. Correct these upsets with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your Chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Prices 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax).

'Bisurated' Magnesia

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B_1 which dogs need. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. **In packets of 10 for 7d.**, from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ **If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 13, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY Powders.**

GEORGE BELLS BLOOD SALTS for Dogs

★VITAMIN B_1 ADDED

No Pain After Meals

thanks to friend, who advised

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

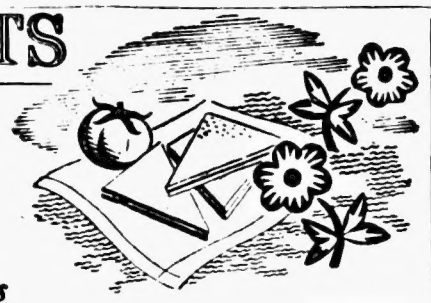
"I must say I have never had any pain since. I am sending you a postcard from another sufferer. I gave him two Moorland tablets and he said the same as I do. He said he eats better and has no pains, so he and I are passing on the information."

(Signed) H. W., *Manchester.*

★*MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS give instant relief from indigestion, acidity, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. At all chemists 1/5d., also in 8½d. packets (Inc. Tax).*

FOOD FACTS

PACKED MEALS



. . . for your Outings

Holiday time is precious. Shortage of staff and equipment have made many difficulties for cafés and restaurants, and you may find them very overcrowded. But if you take your food with you, whenever you go for the day, you will make sure of your meals and won't waste precious holiday hours in queues. What's more, you won't cause shortages for people who *must* get their food locally. Here are some suggestions for carried picnic meals, to satisfy healthy holiday appetites.

SAVOURY SNACK *(Enough for 4)*

Cheese and Onion Turnovers.

Ingredients: 6 oz. pastry, 2-3 oz. grated cheese, 4 level tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 onion chopped finely, salt and pepper, a little milk or stock.

Method: Roll out the pastry and cut into squares about 4 inch by 4 inch. Mix together the cheese, breadcrumbs, onion and seasoning.

Add enough milk or stock to make a soft consistency. Put a little of the mixture into the centre of each square of pastry. Moisten the edges and fold over the pastry cornerwise to form triangles. Press the edges down firmly, brush with a little reconstituted egg, and bake in a moderate oven till brown.

SANDWICH SUGGESTIONS

Choose 1-day-old bread, and cut fairly thin. Beat margarine or dripping well with knife or wooden spoon to make it spread economically. Sandwich fillings, to sustain and satisfy, should contain body-building food (meat, eggs, cheese or fish).

Watercress and Salmon or Sardine Spread *(Enough for 4)*

Ingredients: 3 level tablespoons flaked tinned salmon or mashed sardines, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 level tablespoons chopped watercress, 1 level dessertspoon chopped onion, salt and pepper.

Method: Mix all ingredients together, seasoning well. Use in sandwiches.

TAKE A SALAD TOO!

Carry salads in jam jars with lids, or in a box lined with waxed paper. Select any in season, or try:

Cole Slaw. Ingredients: 8 oz. finely shredded raw cabbage heart, salt and pepper, salad dressing.

Method: Mix the cabbage with salt and pepper to taste and enough salad dressing to moisten all the salad. (*Enough for 4.*)

BOTTLING VEGETABLES —A WARNING

It is unsafe to bottle any vegetables, except tomatoes, unless you can use a steam pressure cooker.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 262

NO TIME LOST CLEANING WINDOWS

I POUR WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH. . . .
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW— IT FORMS A WHITE FILM. . . .
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- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

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Week ending August

JO

Did you